NATIONAL REVIEW

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December 31, 1960

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Onward to Yesterday

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Our Trapp Family Christmas

ALOISE B. HEATH

Stalemate Breaking Up?

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . NATHANIEL WEYL

HUGH KENNER · JOSEPH F. THORNING · RUSSELL KIRK

JOAN DIDION · WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. · W. H. VON DREELE

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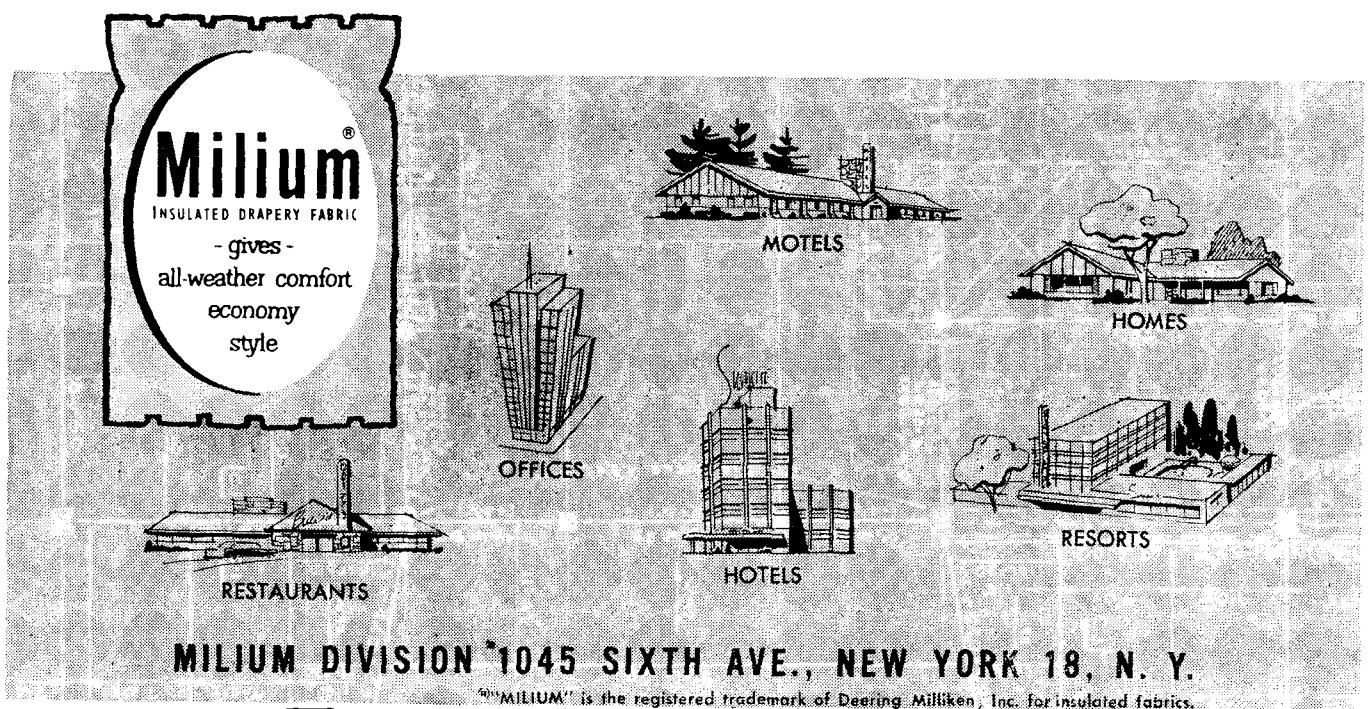

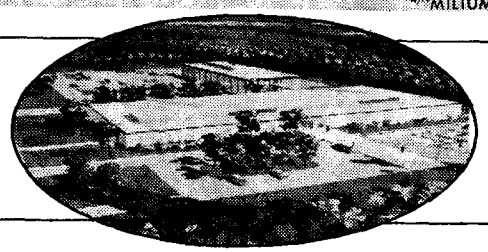

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ we feature a frontal assault by **William F. Rickenbacker** on the Left's favorite anathema, So-you-want-to-turn-the-clock-back, eh? "To look back only three thousand years into a history of one hundred million years," says R., "is not to turn the clock back, it is simply to look at the clock to find out what time it is." Mr. Rickenbacker, who joined NATIONAL REVIEW's staff as an Associate Editor several months ago, is very much in the news these days (see editorial, p. 399), the Justice Department having decided to grill him for refusing to acknowledge the Census Department's right to ask him a lot of personal questions (remember last spring's Blue Form?). Mr. Rickenbacker hurled his defiance at Robert W. "Snoopchief" Burgess of the Census Bureau in an article in NATIONAL REVIEW published last May, "The Fourth House." They may put him in jail, but they'll *never* find out how many bathtubs he has, or whether he uses oil or gas heat. . . . **Mrs. Heath** decided that *this* Christmas her family would imitate the spiritual habits of the Trapp family. She describes the ensuing chaos. . . .

➔ As ever, Fidel Castro absorbs our attention. **William Buckley** writes about the visit to Yale University of Mr. Herbert L. Matthews, "maximum booster for Fidel Castro, 1957-1959." His reception there was, to say the least, uneven. . . . Two new books on Castro Cuba are reviewed in the book section. **Nathaniel Weyl** is the author of one, and the reviewer of the second. His own book is *Red Star Over Cuba*, which contends that Fidel Castro has been a Communist at least since 1948, and that this intelligence was easily available to the State Department in 1957. Mr. Weyl is author of *The Reconquest of Mexico*, and other books, including the recent controversial book on the American Negro (reviewed November 5). The Reverend **Joseph F. Thorning**, who endorses Weyl's account of the roots of Castro, is a professor of history at Marymount College in Arlington, and among other things, honorary president of the International Relations Association of the Catholic University of Chile. Mr. Weyl reviews the new book by C. Wright Mills, *Listen Yankee*, whose thesis, like Matthews', is that everything disagreeable about Castro is our fault. . . . **Hugh Kenner** reviews a recent biography of Ezra Pound, of whom he is a close student. . . . And **Joan Didion** does a review of John Wayne's new movie, *The Alamo*, which is for the ages, like the Alamo.

➔ This issue contains our biannual index (Volume IX) which those of you who save your copies of the magazine will find useful in the months and years to come. On the whole matter of indexing NATIONAL REVIEW, we hope to have some pleasant news for you in the next issue. A Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, and pots of love. ➔

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The WEEK

● Anyone seen or heard of Nixon lately? Has the earth, which in California is capable of such super-colossal productions, simply swallowed him up? What a Christmas present that would be for you-know-who—and we *don't* mean the American people. (None of that at Christmastime.)

● Walter Reuther was the first big-time labor leader to jump on the Kennedy wagon. Now, from his remarks to a meeting of the United Auto Workers in Chicago, it would seem that he expectantly awaits the payoff. Reuther told his union members that he would be in Washington in January to watch the incoming Administration "move aggressively" in the field of social legislation—particularly in the enactment of a program of government-supported medical aid for the aged. Reuther boasted that his union would have a strike fund of $40 million by April and outlined the demands he intends to make when the new United Auto Workers contracts are negotiated with the Big Three next summer. He talked big—bigger than he has for many a month, as if confident that in the event of a showdown—a prolonged strike—he has influential friends in court.

● Dean Rusk, the newly appointed Secretary of State, delivered a series of lectures last January in which he challenged the value of Summit meetings. Summit meetings, he said then, should occur only in the most exceptional circumstances; the Constitution limits the President's area of negotiation; Summits divert a President's time and energy; on the record such meetings do not always advance the national interest; they are habit-forming and should be used sparingly; they take the President out of the country for too long a time; they require time, patience, and precision—which are not always found at the highest government levels; and they increase tensions by taking the negotiations to the court of last resort. One wonders: will Dean Rusk's ideas prevail? We know that such types as Stevenson and Bowles are just googly-eyed for Summitry—and we know that Khrushchev gives signs of pressing for a meeting very soon with Mr. Kennedy. The first conflict between the ideas of Kennedy and the ideas of his cabinet officers will probably revolve around the use of Summit meetings.

● In the week ended December 14 another $204 million of gold escaped from Fort Knox. The Treasury's gold reserve has dropped $1.4 billion so far this year; it dropped a mere billion last year. Much of the movement appears to have been the normal shifting of short-term investments to the area of highest interest rates—in this case, to Britain and the Continent. Trying to stanch this flow, the U.S. with some success has urged foreign central banks to lower their rates. As a cooperative effort the U.S., of course, should refrain from artificial lowering of U.S. rates. But that would entail self-discipline. We have recently lowered our interest rate: on December 20 the 13-week bill rate dropped to 2.222 per cent, and the 26-week bill rate to 2.392 per cent, the lowest in two years. Kennedy has named a doctrinaire cheap-money man (Professor Walter Heller, of the University of Minnesota) as head of the Council of Economic Advisers. If we were gold, we'd leave too.

● From the *New York Post,* Dec. 13, p. 55: "It would be hard to think of three more distinguished names for the posts than those of Dean Rusk, Chester Bowles, and Adlai Stevenson." (Max Lerner) . . . "The appointment of Dean Rusk as Secretary of State puts the seal on the dimmest cabinet since Buchanan's." (Murray Kempton).

● Grinding through the 15,000-word report submitted a couple of weeks ago by the President's Commission on National Goals, we felt a certain bored anger. Not in what the report said, nor in the sodden way it said it, but in the assumptions underlying it we found the cause of our discontent. For the report assumes that in every—yes, every—aspect of human life the government bears responsibility. Therefore, taxes must be raised. After Germany has fueled her economic renaissance with reduced taxes, it takes sublime ignorance to suggest that, if our growth rate goes below 3.4 per cent, we must *increase* taxes to bring about greater effort, forced savings, and reduced consumption. An equally inept view of the facts applies to the discussion of our international payments crisis, in which the Commission fails even to mention our domestic inflation as one of the factors. Indeed, although inflation offers the single most serious threat to our economy, the report mentions the word only once, in a limp phrase about "the avoidance of marked inflation." Gold, of course, the Commission absolutely ignores. But we should not expect too much of a committee composed of a former president of Brown University, the present chairman of General Dynamics, the editor of the *Christian Science Monitor,* a former president of Harvard University, a former president of the University of Virginia, the current president of duPont, the former Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, a retired judge of the circuit court, the

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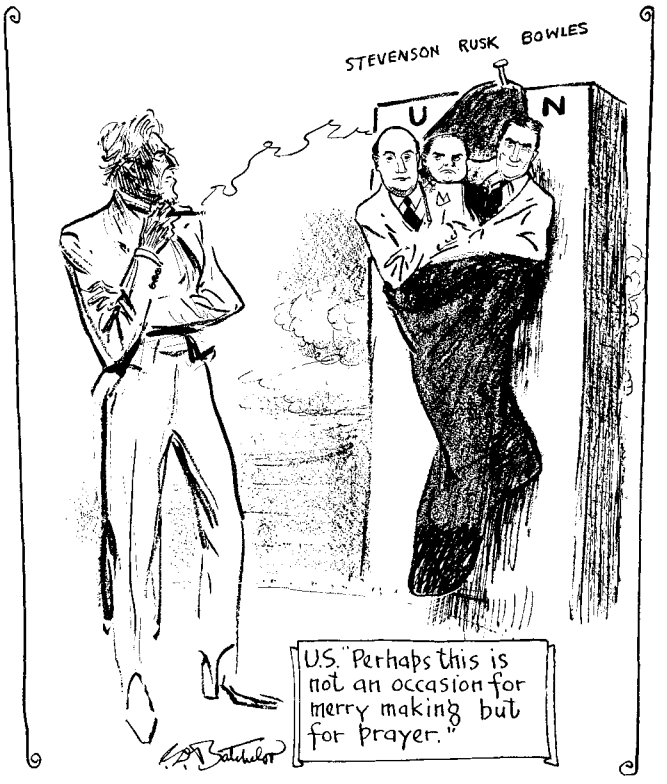
current president of the University of California at Berkeley, a former president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the current president of the AFL-CIO. These are underprivileged men, and we must be patient, and kind.

● The horrible collision in mid-air last week of a DC 8 and a Super Constellation set the statisticians to work, reassuring the public in giving the chances against such a thing happening to YOU. We smile. The same public that is satisfied upon learning that the chances are a million to one against being killed in an airplane, will spend good money betting that, though the chances are a million to one against it, *their* sweepstake ticket will pay off. Statistics are wonderful things. You can make a pillow out of them and sleep peacefully on it all night long. Or an anvil, against which to break body and spirit. We shall see a plethora of hypotheses or guesses or agglutinations of the two, to explain why two big airliners smashed themselves out of the sky: and will be told how unlikely it is that such a thing will happen again. But there will be more collisions, more crashes, more deaths, for so long as the laws of gravity govern the atmosphere—ritual victims, like those exacted from time to time by the great ocean that swallows up a ship, to remind us that we shall never develop enough blueprints to guarantee us a safe passage through life.

● In connection with its recent campaign for rat eradication, the *New York News* has been running a coupon opposite its editorial page. Readers are invited to use it to report sightings of rodents in various tenement districts of the city. It was too good an opportunity to miss. Hungarian Freedom Fighters have showered the *News* with rat sightings at addresses which turn out to be the UN Soviet Delegation Headquarters, the United Nations Building, satellite consulates, etc.

The Cabinet

Mr. Kennedy's cabinet will be described by the court historians as "representing a broad coalition of interests"; and other fancy things will be said about it, to disguise what it actually is, namely, an opportunistic patchwork, made up for the most part of men with undistinguished public records, but almost every one of whom meets the demands of one or more critical pressure groups within this country—including, to the surprise of many, the business community. Mr. William Dawson of Illinois proved too dignified to provide the black dot in the pointillist canvas Jack Kennedy is painting. So he turned down the Post Office spot, and rocked the boat there



for a few minutes. Still, the offer had been made, and highly publicized, and that was the important thing.

Everything else was going smoothly. Two Jews. One professional labor leader—to preside, mind you, over a department of the government which presupposes a disinterested arbiter. A Southerner—and a businessman. A cosmopolitan academic philanthropoid, of Southern blood, but processed by the Northern foundation-set. A Populist from the Middle West, whose only discernible contribution to the commonweal during his years as governor was to cry More for the farmers. A big investment banker for Secretary of the Treasury. An accountant-executive-tycoon totally unversed in military affairs for Secretary of Defense. (So scrupulously did Mr. Kennedy balance his pastiche that he ended up appointing as his principal advisers—to the posts of State and Defense—two men whom he had never before set eyes on!)

And then a jarring note, his own brother for Attorney General. As everybody is saying, Bobby is very clever, and a good lawyer. As everybody is also saying, heaven knows the Attorney Generalship in recent years has not been reserved to distinguished legal scholars or public prosecutors. But then, as only a few people have been saying, it is a bit much when a young man who asks the nation to vote for him because of his loftiness and the high idealism of his program, starts by turning over a branch of the Executive to a very young man of limited legal

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experience; and doing this, moreover, in precisely that branch of government which, because its business is justice, should be freest from the taint of nepotism or barratry.

These are not, by and large, big men. One or two of them may surprise us. But in general, it appears as though Mr. Kennedy's own voice will sound out over the hum produced by his technicians. But Mr. Kennedy, too, is a technician. Who, then, will provide the creative policy to guide the nation?

Stalemate Breaking Up?

A considerable part of Vientiane, largest city of Laos, is filled with the fresh rubble of buildings crumbled by the mortar fire of the Soviet-supplied, Communist-led soldiers of Captain Kong Le and the U.S.-supplied, anti-Communist-led soldiers of General Phoumi Nosavan. Its hospitals are jammed with wounded; its burial grounds, with the newly dead. Fighting continues as Phoumi's troops pursue Kong Le's defeated units while the main Communist force, the Pathet Lao, attacks the royal capital of Luang Prabang and moves down from the north, with fresh infusions of power from North Vietnam and China.

The hospitals and morgues of Algiers, Bone and Constantine are also crowded, with the debris of wounded and dead that littered the streets after the clashes between partisans of the Communist-backed FLN and of Algérie Française. In Cuba, the firing squads of Moscow protégé Fidel Castro keep busy, while anti-Communist guerrillas appear daily in the mountains. In Caracas, President Betancourt counts his dead from the coup, thrust back for the moment, that was attempted a fortnight ago by the Castro-Communist front. In Guatemala, Costa Rica and Honduras, the guerrillas supplied and directed from Cuba regroup after the late encounters with the U.S.-supported regime that they seek to overthrow.

The Congo sinks deeper into chaos. The military contingents from Ghana, Guinea, the UAR withdraw from the UN Command—though they remain in place, ready for new mischief. Ethiopian UN troops watch idly as Europeans are kicked and slapped. Mobutu, discreetly helped by Belgians and Americans, keeps Lumumba in jail as the UN corridors are filled with African and Communist howls for his release. In Stanleyville, Lumumba's associate, the Communist Antoine Gizenga, proclaims a new government to which Communist arms at once flow, while Moise Tshombe, in Elizabethville, drawing on Belgian support and advice, strengthens his political foundations and trains new soldiers. Terror, death, cannibalism stalk through the jungle. Communist East Germany issues an ultimatum threatening West Berlin with new sanctions to begin with the New Year.

Should it not be obvious—though it is not—that the strategic significance of each of these events can be comprehended only by relating it to all the others, that each is, or becomes, a skirmish, battle or campaign in a single, world-scale conflict? There are, true enough, local and particular roots for each geographically separated incident. But as soon as the local tensions break loose, they quickly and inevitably become absorbed into the tentacles of the world conflict. The great antagonists are themselves helpless to halt this generalizing process. When confusion or sudden change, revolt or civil war, cracks the structure in Southeast Asia, Africa, Latin America, wherever, then money, propaganda, arms, agents, diplomatic support are ineluctably sucked in from East and West.

"Cold War," though never an apt phrase for the protracted conflict, has been roughly appropriate during most of the Eisenhower Administration. With the suspended, split-level settlement of the Korean and Indochinese wars, the world geographical front between the antagonists was stabilized. Direct attempts to alter it by open military measures ceased. The power equilibrium was not, of course, similarly stabilized. It was affected by the changing fortunes of the arms race. It was still more substantially altered by the enemy's successes behind our lines in entering the Mideast and Africa politically, increasing his influence throughout much of the Free World, and weakening the will to resist within many of the non-Communist nations: including our own. Still, it was by and large what the enemy means by "peaceful coexistence"; that is, war conducted without major direct military action, and without overt attempts to breach the main front.

These current crises—all in exactly the same strategic pattern, though apparently separate in geography and political origin—suggest that the enemy may be testing his chance for success in a drive to break out of the clinch, or stalemate, and to push his main front—the Iron Curtain—another ring outward. Certainly there is a departure from the normal customs of the past six years, in the open-ness as well as the size of the military shipments to Laos, Algeria, Guinea, Congo and Cuba, as well as the open support of open fighting. The beginnings of this turn can be traced back to last spring. Its advent may well have been the real reason for Khrushchev's smashing of the Paris Summit.

The enemy's new turn, which is doubtless a probe rather than a main drive, has not been uniformly successful, by any means. In fact, when his moves

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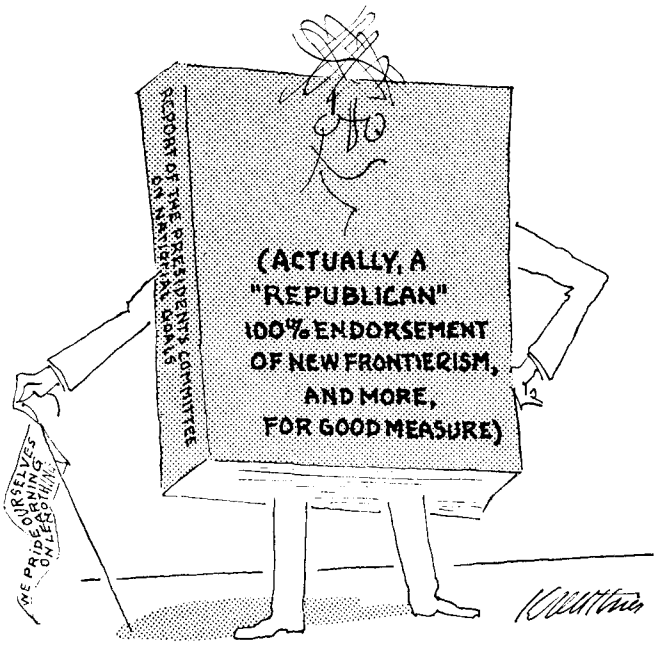
become more open, the effect is often to provoke the kind of firm response that we seldom offer to his indirect stratagems. In Congo his first operations have been bungled, though his retreats have been only tactical and temporary. In Laos, after weeks of indecision, we seem finally to have acted with some decisiveness in support of General Phoumi. In relation to Cuba, our naval dispositions in the Caribbean and the spreading anti-Castro underground indicate that we may at last be starting to act. In Algeria, the real tests are still ahead. A new direct challenge to West Berlin is still a threat, not a fact.

We have, however, small reason for self-congratulation even if we win all of these new battles. Just as in the past, our victories can be only negative and thus sterile, while our defeats are positive and real. If the stalemate is now breaking, it is the enemy alone who breaks it; and the cracks appear exclusively on *our* side of the front. He has all the world to win; and we have only our shrinking world to lose.


REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT'S COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL GOALS
(ACTUALLY, A "REPUBLICAN" 100% ENDORSEMENT OF NEW FRONTIERISM, AND MORE, FOR GOOD MEASURE)
WE PRIDE OURSELVES ON LEARNING NOTHING

"Just because what I am speaks louder than what I say, doesn't mean that we shouldn't wring our hands over the election!"

How Many Bathrooms Have You?

Last week, William F. Rickenbacker, an investment counselor, and a member of the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW, was brought before a Grand Jury in New York City to answer questions in connection with an "alleged violation" of Section 221, Title 13, of the United States Code, which relates to the powers of the Census Bureau of the Department of Commerce. The use of the word "alleged" was pure formality. For there was never any doubt, not since the issue of NATIONAL REVIEW dated May 21, 1960, that Mr. Rickenbacker had, after due deliberation, refused to complete a census form ostensibly authorized by Section 221, Title 13. He reasoned that the kind of thing the Census Bureau had taken to doing, under the authority of Section 221, was unconstitutional.

Along with thirty million other exasperated Americans, Rickenbacker received, in addition to the regular white form, the so-called Blue Questionnaire. How many bathrooms did he have? What was his telephone number? Where had he been born? What language was spoken in his parents' home? Had he worked last week? How many hours? Etc., etc., etc. The Blue Form, he concluded in his article, "The Fourth House," is "uncivilly inquisitorial and absolutely unconstitutional."

"I have studied this snooping questionnaire. It does not relate to any constitutional requirement that I know of; it has not been addressed to the population as a whole; and I shall not answer it. Indeed, I have already torn it up. Some day, when the summer satrap of the Snooper State comes to ask me why I refuse to contribute my share of statistics to the national numbers game, I shall call for my lawyer."

Rickenbacker and lawyer (the distinguished Mr. C. D. Williams, an authority on constitutional law and sometime General Counsel to the Commerce Department) went to Foley Square last week and the Grand Jury listened—alertly, one can hope—to Mr. Rickenbacker's short statement. "I did faithfully and gladly complete the Census questionnaire that was sent to all my fellow citizens. The fact is that I received a second questionnaire sent to only a selected part of the population. . . This second questionnaire I refused to answer on the grounds that it violated my rights under the Fourth Amendment and was otherwise an unnecessary violation of my privacy. The American Civil Liberties Union, working independently, has come to conclusions similar to my own with regard to the illegality of demanding an answer to such questions. In the name of interstate commerce, some Government employees think they have the right to pry the roof off my house and watch everything I do there. Let them ask all the questions they please; and let them answer who are disposed to answer, and keep silent who wish to keep silent; that is liberty. In the name of this liberty at least one citizen denies the Government the right to compel answers to questions on his private life. I hope to find out in the courts of law, including the highest court in the land, whether there still lives in this land not only the spirit but the law of liberty, which is inseparable

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from the idea that a God-fearing citizen may lead a private life that is no concern of the Federal Government."

It remains to be seen whether the Grand Jury will indict Mr. Rickenbacker. If it does not, the government will have tacitly conceded that it is unwilling to face an open court test of the legality of such a questionnaire as was impudently imposed upon one quarter of the nation; and Mr. Rickenbacker will have won a clear moral victory. The second possibility is that the government will fight. We are pleased to report that Rickenbacker is quite prepared to do the same. "Liberty is more often than not the prey of slow encroachments of government, rather than military disaster or evolution," Rickenbacker answered a reporter's question last week. From time to time individual citizens must say No to the monster State. If just the right number of us do that, often enough, liberty prevails.

89 to 0!

Last September at the UN Mr. Khrushchev put his shoes on, stood up on his hind legs, and brayed forth a call for immediate independence of all colonies, trust territories, and leased areas (which include the Panama Canal Zone and all foreign U.S. bases). His doctrinaire anti-colonialism appealed to the Afro-Asian delegates, but they hesitated to advocate an open assault on United States military positions. So they offered their own resolution, omitting the bit on leased areas. Last week the General Assembly rejected Khrushchev's proposal and adopted the Afro-Asian proposal, 89 to 0, with abstentions by the United States, Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, Australia, Spain, the Dominican Republic and South Africa. Orthodox Liberals see in the vote a blow against our "prestige" with the Afro-Asian crowd.

But, if we look behind the rhetoric of self-determination and anti-colonialism, we can see by the merits of the case that the only viable position to adopt in this controversy is to assert that there can be no position. To advocate independence for all colonies and trust areas is to assert that all colonies and trust areas are prepared to govern themselves, and that assertion fairly reeks with blind disdain for the crude facts of the matter. We do not give a child independence until we are sure he can handle it; we do not allow maniacs and criminals to vote; we do not issue driver's licenses to the blind, nor pilot's licenses to the physically uncoordinated, nor hunting licenses to the habitual poacher, nor passports to enemies. Why then must we apologize, or moan about our dropping prestige, when we argue against issuing self-determination licenses across-the-board to a miscellaneous group of communities that have not shown their qualifications?

We in the West live by the fact that liberty is the prize won by the responsible, and chaos the penalty of misplaced power. To say all this is not to say anything new. But it is to say something necessary for so long as by 89-0 the nations of the world are saying the contrary.

R.I.P.

Teddy, Bobby, Jack and Dad,
Meticulously ivy-clad,
Drove to the paternal pad.

(Jackie still had *mal de mer;*
Mother Rose was with the heir;
The Lawfords were in Delaware.)

After they were billeted,
Daddy, Bobby, Jack and Ted
Turned to burying the dead.

These four, fashionably neat,
Safe at Joseph P.'s retreat,
Fashioned Adlai's winding sheet.

W. H. VON DREELE

HUAC: New Year's Target

With professional skill, the nation-wide drive of the Committee for Abolition of the Committee on Un-American Activities is mounting toward an approaching climax in its carefully-planned operation. On January 2 this new and booming Communist front will stage a mass demonstration in Washington. On the next day Representative James Roosevelt is expected to introduce in Congress the resolution for HUAC's abolition. Since the issue in this form will concern the organization of the new Congress, it will have to be acted on promptly.

Meanwhile, through the Committee for Abolition and its myriad subsidiaries, the Communist apparatus, using the campaign as a means for breaking further out of isolation, is managing to activate not merely the routine fellow travelers (Aubrey Williams, William Howard Melish, Dorothy Marshall, Otto Nathan, etc.) and standard fronts (Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, National Lawyers Guild, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, etc.) but new layers of innocents and dupes. The pseudo-libertarian slogans and the activist emphasis (petitions, leaflets, demonstrations, LP

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records, meetings) have sparked some comradely advances on a number of university campuses.

The marchers on Washington are due for at least one surprise in the capital. They will find a rival column, gathering in defense of the security and survival of our country, and therefore of the HUAC. Young Americans for Freedom has called for a Washington demonstration, also—by no coincidence—on January 2, in HUAC's support. Those who wish to join, or to find out more, may address: Robert Harley, care of Young Americans for Freedom, 343 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

HUAC, meanwhile, continues its services to freedom by publication of the second volume of its remarkable series, *Facts on Communism.* The first, prepared by Dr. Gerhart Niemeyer, explained Communist ideology. The second, for which the noted historian David J. Dallin is responsible, is a history, based closely on original source material, of the Soviet Union from Lenin to Stalin. It is available, free of charge, from the Committee, which we trust will be at the same stand, performing the same services, well beyond January 3, 1961.

Despise and Conceal

Members of the New York Left have been seething for a long time over the success of Allen Drury's novel, *Advise and Consent.* By and large, however, they have not publicized their discontent, perhaps on the assumption that to call to the attention of the millions who read *Advise and Consent* the clear political meaning of it, would hardly serve their higher interest, in this case to rescue from contumely the appeasers in our midst.

But when a few weeks ago *Advise and Consent* opened on Broadway, the two most conspicuous Left papers in New York just couldn't bear it. All the other critics said *Advise and Consent* was first-rate entertainment. But not the *New York Post,* nor the *New York Times.* Mr. Howard Taubman denounced the play and its thesis as an "unsavory account of political intrigue in high places" and a "loaded condemnation of the liberal position."

To which the author replied last week in a public letter as follows:

"Howard Taubman in his review of the play 'Advise and Consent' termed it a 'loaded condemnation of the liberal position.'

"Well, let's see what 'Advise and Consent' does condemn. It condemns:

"1. Lying under oath to a Congressional committee.

"2. Crawling on one's knees to Moscow.

"3. Committing sin without atonement.

"Therefore on the basis of Mr. Taubman's state-

For the Record

In the wind, the possibility that Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr. will be put up against Nelson Rockefeller in '62. Badly split Democratic Party in New York State feels Roosevelt might be good compromise candidate. . . . Private talks held in Albany last week between representatives of Richard Nixon and Rockefeller. Purpose: to determine future leadership, control of GOP. . . . Meeting of Republican National Committee in Washington, January 6, 7 may give some indication of relative strength of two. . . . Many state GOP leaders angry at Nixon. They claim his inability, or unwillingness, to delegate authority resulted in paralysis of National Committee headquarters staff. Look for a big shake-up of Committee staff.

Senator Dodd (D., Conn.) hoping for berth on important Senate Foreign Relations Committee. (Dodd, a forthright and eloquent anti-Communist, being labelled the "new McCarthy" by SANEites.) . . . Moving fast among pacifist-fellow traveling organizations, Jerome Davis' "Promoting Enduring Peace." It has now mailed 4 million copies of Davis report on different "types" of freedom available in U.S. and USSR.

Once more available, revised edition of Inside the Communist Conspiracy, a comprehensive reading list of books and pamphlets on Communism. (Phyllis Schlafly, 1212 Callahan Dr., Alton, Ill. Price: .20¢ each.)

Indian parliamentarians believe King of Nepal staged his coup to get rid of pro-Communists in government. . . . West Germany, at end of year, still has half a million unfilled jobs despite major import of foreign workers. . . . East Germany allowing many doctors to go back into private practice in hopes of stemming flow to West (nearly 800 went West in '60).

New York Post, on Robert Kennedy's appointment: He may have enough self-confidence to put J. Edgar Hoover in his place. . . . Year-end business forecasts all seem to conclude: the U.S. is heading into six-month mild recession to be followed by upturn. Our forecast? Their forecasts will be wrong.

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ment that all of this is 'a loaded condemnation of the liberal position,' it can only be concluded that in his mind the liberal position is to

"1. Lie under oath to a Congressional committee.

"2. Crawl on one's knees to Moscow.

"3. Commit sin without atonement.

"In seventeen years in Washington, I have never seen a more savage and shocking attack upon the liberal position than that put forward in direct inference by this incompetent little man in his ill-conceived, ill-grounded, ill-starred and illogical review of the play 'Advise and Consent.'"

Anti-Communists Meet in Paris

A pale sun peered fitfully between the clouds of Paris on the first three days of December, as the International Conference on the Political Warfare of the Soviets met to do its business. To the surprise of the Atlantic Congress held in London last June, its Subcommittee E-3 (on "Soviet and Western Propaganda Techniques") had persistently demanded that NATO create a new Division to counter the ideological warfare of the Soviet Union, and had further urged that "an international unofficial organization be set up" to diffuse "basic information which will help people to assess and understand more clearly the ideological aggression of totalitarian Communism."

The author of that resolution is a pert and fiery Frenchwoman, Madame Suzanne Labin. She had not been content with the passage of her motion: she proceeded to summon a conference to implement it. Out of 985 people invited, 482 accepted and made their way to Paris at their own expense (sufficiently establishing, one observer noted sadly, that this was no mere CIA ballet). From France alone came 38 delegates, representing the entire non-Communist spectrum of French politics. And there was equally impressive representation from almost every other European nation, including the inevitable exiles, as ever passionate and pathetic, from the enslaved lands behind the Iron Curtain. From Léopoldville and secessionist Katanga came black men with strange names; from far Vietnam, an able Oriental delegation. America was represented by some of its sturdiest hard anti-Communists: Senator Thomas Dodd; Eugene Lyons; Ben Mandel of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee; Christopher Emmet, constant friend of the Captive Peoples; and the lordly Forrest Davis, looking (as one Frenchwoman remarked) uncannily like Richelieu.

So it was a knowing group that gathered in the auditorium of NATO's glossy new "Palace" at the Porte Dauphine to hear an informal but cordial address of welcome from NATO's Secretary-General, Belgium's plump and adroit Paul-Henri Spaak. M. Spaak referred to "peaceful coexistence" as "a diabolical, satanical expression," and pledged that NATO's struggle against Communism would go on—not only militarily but economically, and increasingly in the area of propaganda (though he feared progress in these latter fields would be slow, for governments are reluctant to delegate the appropriate power).

The engaging Madame Labin laid her thesis squarely on the line: the propaganda front is vastly more important than the military. Roosevelt's conviction that the Communists were men susceptible to Western values amply repaid the Soviets the billions spent on propaganda. Enough of talk; enough of counter-ideologies; enough of economic aid; enough of threats of nuclear reprisals: only propaganda, by a West truly united, can save the day.

The first session's third major speaker, Connecticut's white-maned Senator Dodd, had no intention of being left behind in the matter of spade-calling. Fifteen more years like the last fifteen, he warned, and there might be no more free world to defend. In America, as in France and Italy, major unions are today under Communist control: Bridges' ILWU and the American Communications Association, to name two. American policy in the 1940s had unquestionably been perverted by Soviet agents: Hiss, White, Coe. And while much of the damage, now as then, is done by "innocents," the conscious infiltrators are not all gone by a long shot. He hoped the Conference would express its approval of the creation of Freedom Academies in the nations of the West, to make them the technical equals of the Soviets in the struggle for the world.

In the ensuing sessions, held in a permanent blue haze of cigarette smoke at the Cercle Republicain on the Avenue de l'Opéra, these themes were stressed and reiterated many times. Again and again this sophisticated body of veteran anti-Communists was exhorted—rather unnecessarily, one felt—to understand the Communist menace and to resist it. But every now and then some speaker would brush aside the heavy velvet cerements of obligatory rhetoric and put his finger squarely on a point that needed emphasis: as when Salvador de Madariaga, on the final day, advised the West not to waste time and money on disarmament conferences. Let us regain the inner faith the West has lost, he urged, and the growing force of world opinion will work for us in a way hitherto unknown to history.

All well-run conferences end in a burst of resolutions, and this one was no exception. The main manifesto echoed Senator Dodd's call for schools to train freedom's commandos, and urged a Western propaganda offensive "demanding relentlessly the self-determination of [Soviet] subjects and colonized populations." A separate resolution declared explicitly that "Every government that favors the admission of Communist China to the UN thereby participates in the Communist offensive against Liberty."

Perhaps most important, however, was the resolution which directed the organizers of the Conference to create a working committee to further its objectives, especially among the governments and international agencies of the free world. For the problem today is not merely to understand Communism; the West contains many men who understand it very well indeed, as this very Conference showed once again. But their understanding must be translated, before it is too late, into *action:* action by the governments of the free world. Q.

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The Third World War

Treason à la Mode

JAMES BURNHAM

On December 6 the Kremlin released the text of the 20,000 word Manifesto unanimously adopted by the November plenum of the 81 existing Communist parties. This new Manifesto explains once more that the Communist objective is to bury the non-Communist world. Operating as a disciplined unit of the world enterprise, the specific task of each Communist party in the non-Communist world is to subvert the non-Communist government of its own nation. Within every non-Communist nation, Communism is equivalent to treason.

Burnham

1. Dr. Willard Uphaus, a Methodist lay preacher, directs the World Fellowship Conference Center at Conway, N.H., which has conducted summer camps. On presumptive information that some of its guests in 1954 were Communists, the Attorney General asked for the list of names, as part of an enquiry into subversion which the state legislature had directed him to make. Uphaus refused to present the list, and went to jail for a year on conviction for contempt.

For most of our press, Uphaus is a sympathetic Good Guy, victimized by reactionaries (Bad Guys), and made to suffer for conscience's sake.

On December 11 Uphaus was let out of jail, though he has not purged himself of his contempt. He headed for New York City—publicity center of the nation—for the first two missions which his conscience assigned him: a) a press conference under the auspices of Rev. William Howard Melish, a veteran pro-Communist and pro-Soviet apologist whose politics became too noisome even for his own easy-going parish; b) a joint appearance with Linus Pauling as speaker at a meeting that urged United States nuclear disarmament.

2. Said Linus Pauling is still at large and unindicted for his contemptuous refusal to give the Internal Security Subcommittee the facts about how thousands of names of scientists — including several thousand from Communist nations — were collected for his petition against H-bombs. While Pauling propagandizes for policies which corrode American morale and promote the interests of the Communist enterprise, he continues to enjoy wide popular esteem, security in his professorial post at Caltech and large audiences on the university circuit.

3. Pauling's operations have been furthered by the industrialist and financier, Cyrus Eaton, whose collaboration with Communism and with the Soviet leaders is public and aggressive. Although Eaton's press coverage has somewhat cooled, there is no indication that his conduct has evoked legal, social or personal sanctions. No government agency has questioned his doings, or their consequences. No business colleague or personal acquaintance has publicly expressed distaste or disapproval. No trade association or social club has asked his resignation.

4. Dalton Trumbo is one of the movie writers who, on presumptive evidence of Communist sympathy and adherence, was asked thereof by a congressional committee, and was convicted of contempt on refusal to answer. He has never purged himself of the contempt, nor given public sign of a repudiation of the views and acts that led to the questioning. Two gigantic, costly "epics"—both highly ideological in content—currently feature his name. Most critics and commentators have expressed their happiness in Trumbo's renaissance, and have praised the producers for their "courage."

5. A respected publisher has just issued C. Wright Mills' defense of the Castro regime (see review, p. 413) through which the Communist enterprise is constructing a major base on our shores. Such writings have never interfered with Mills' professorship at Columbia, his receipt of fellowships and grants, his honored attendance at professional gatherings, or even his invitations to be printed in magazines subsidized by U. S. agencies.

6. Robert Oppenheimer's security clearance was revoked after due proof and admission of aid and comfort rendered to the Communist enemy. This background, which Oppenheimer has never explained or clarified, has not disturbed his honored and profitable acceptance in our cultural, professional and social communities, nor even his presence as featured delegate at many an international conference organized and financed by government agencies.

7. Alger Hiss was duly convicted for perjury for denying that he had, as part of an espionage conspiracy, turned over secret documents to the Communist enterprise. A few weeks ago a national magazine published a long and sympathetic article on Hiss, which reported how graciously Hiss was received at private gatherings of active and often prominent citizens. The President-elect has named as his UN Ambassador, "with Cabinet rank," a man who affirmed Hiss' integrity and good reputation in affidavit for the defense at his trial, and who has not publicly revised the judgment expressed in that letter.

The point is not whether these men are conscious traitors, which in all, or almost all, cases they are not. But the Communists are traitors. These men, by their acts, have condoned the Communist enterprise and advanced its interests. Our society, by condoning the actions of these men, condones also the enterprise.

We are a society in which treason, or what would once have been felt as such, has become acceptable, even fashionable, à la mode. So long as that is true, what difference does it make who sits in the State Department, the Pentagon, or the White House?

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Herbert Matthews Goes to Yale

People have been wondering what happened to Herbert L. Matthews, maximum U.S. booster of Fidel Castro, 1957-1959. Well one of the things that happened to Mr. Matthews is that he was appointed a Chubb Fellow of Timothy Dwight College, Yale University, where he spent all week, the week before last. There, drawing on his expertise in Latin American Affairs, he informed the Yale community that the Castro government is not Communist, and that whatever it is in Castro's government that we cannot approve of, it is all the fault of the United States Government for being so unfriendly to Castro in the early days of his regime.

Buckley

The line, in a word, is the same. It is a line which the management of the *New York Times* finally decided, in mid-1959, was unfit to print: with the result that Star Reporter Matthews, who has been among the most conspicuous reporters for the *Times* for 37 years, was put on ice. The very last story he was allowed to write on Cuban affairs appeared in July 1959. It was a dispatch filed from Havana, in which Mr. Matthews informed us all that there were no Communists in any position of influence in the Castro Government, and that Castro himself was stoutly anti-Communist and would successfully resist any motions of any kind by the Communists to advance their position in Cuba.

One would think the history of the past eighteen months might have corrected Mr. Matthews' cretinism, but the headline in the *Yale Daily News* following his first public lecture shattered all hopes: "MATTHEWS DECLARES REFORM IN CUBA 'NOT COMMUNISM' US Misunderstanding of Revolution Cited." At an interview with reporters of the Yale *News*, Mr. Matthews enlarged on his position. He remains, he said, "very close" to Cuban affairs. To be sure, he is "disappointed" with the direction the revolution has taken, "but I blame our own policies for that. If you were in Castro's position . . . with the U.S. trying to destroy your revolution, I'm not so sure that you'd come up with answers different from the ones he came up with. . . . I've never said they are Communists, or even Communistic. I hope it doesn't become a Communist regime, and I don't think it will, with all due respect to the White House."

Students Retort

Not even at a major university can such a concentration of grotesqueries go unchallenged, and during the balance of Mr. Matthews' stay, students, and at least one teacher, were taking the measure of his irresponsibility. The most effective retort was by three juniors, all Cuban self-exiles and officers in the Yale chapter of the newly formed *Agrupación Democrática de Estudiantes Latinoamericanos*. In an extensive letter, published in the *News*, the students took up several of Mr. Matthews' assumptions, and then addressed themselves to a specific charge:

"Mr. Matthews said that 'Fidel Castro and the head of the National Bank of Cuba went around Washington knocking on doors trying to get money, but they were turned down.' This . . . is nothing short of a lie. Yes, believe it or not, we are calling Mr. Matthews a liar and we have facts to prove this. We personally interviewed Rufo López Fresquet who was Castro's Minister of Finance at the time of their trip to the United States in April 1959, and who is now at the Statler Hilton Hotel in New York City. Mr. López Fresquet told us that 'Fidel Castro explicitly told me and Felipe Pazos, then head of the National Bank of Cuba, not to ask for any sort of economic aid from the United States. He never wanted any.'"

And on to a moving climax: "Let those who agree with Mr. Matthews that the nature of Castro's regime is still very much open to question consider that "the United States Government . . . has officially labeled the Castro regime as . . . Communist . . . the Catholic Church in Cuba has labeled the Castro regime as Communist . . . that men like Manolo Ray, ex-Minister of Public Works of the present Castro tyranny, charges that 'the Revolution has been sold to Communists' . . . that men like Rufo López Fresquet say that 'the revolution is controlled by International Communism' . . . that men like Miro Cardona, ex-Cuban ambassador to the United States during the Castro regime, say the same thing . . . that hundreds of ex-collaborators of the Castro regime have defected saying the same thing.

"Mr. Matthews' approach is much too naive for us. We have lived the Cuban Revolution; we have breathed the Cuban Revolution; we have had it in our soap and we have slept with it. There is no question that the Cuban Revolution is Communist."

(From the brochure published by Timothy Dwight College, describing the Chubb Fellowship Program): *"Statesmen, scholars, local politicians and publicists have been among the incumbents of the Fellowship, and all have expressed their delight at the reception accorded them and the stimulation to which they have been subjected. As for the students, their response has invariably been vigorous and enthusiastic."* We warrant the Master of Timothy Dwight College, a gentleman of unshakable urbanity, was glad when *this* Chubb Fellow packed up, to take his revolution back to New York. And one can even hope that the next Chubb Fellow (though it is too much to expect he might be a conservative publicist—that would be Unstimulating, Undelightful and Unincumbent) will not be selected from the ranks of the real-gone Left.

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A Trapp Family Christmas With the Heaths

Just in case you decide to spend a wholly spiritual Christmas like the Trapps, don't. Ask Mrs. Heath. She knows. She knows. She knows.

ALOISE B. HEATH

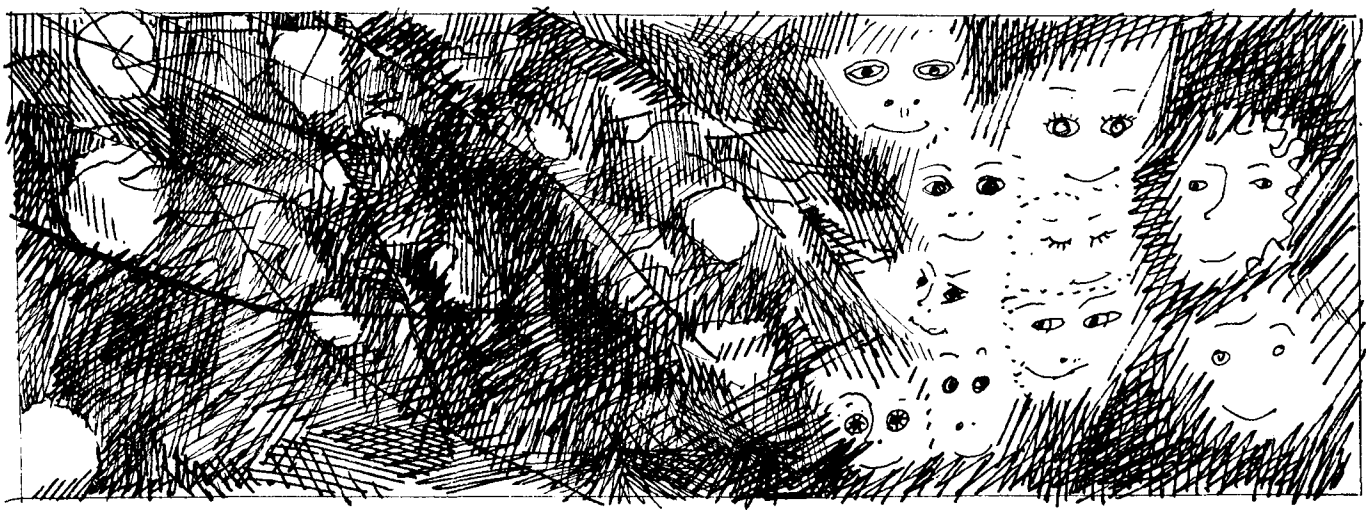
One of the reasons—I say *one* of the reasons because I could easily think of another if I put my mind to it—that I kept on having babies for years after all my classmates had worked up to president of the State PTA was that I always thought a big family would be such fun at Christmas. Which who doesn't, including people like me, who know? I know why my husband Ben has the Spirit of Christmas around Thanksgiving and the Spirit of Ash Wednesday around Christmas. I keep telling him I know. "I know," I say. "I know. I know. I know."

I know we always get more glitter and glue on the floor than on the candles and that I never remember to wipe it up until the dining-room carpet is permanently (though interestingly) spangled. I know I look absolutely insane, crawling around in the snow for weeks before Christmas, putting candy canes on window sills and then galloping madly off into the dark, jingling sleighbells and shouting "Ho! Ho! Ho!" I know the newsboy would rather have two dollar bills than a $1.95 flashlight wrapped in green paper and silver ribbon, with "MERVYN" spelled out in red Scotch tape. I know no one can eat those Cut'n'Bake cookies after the children have decorated them with green sugar and cinnamon hearts (Christmas tree) and then with more cinnamon hearts and melted marshmallow (Santa Claus) and then with more melted marshmallow and pink crayon (angel). I know it's un-Gesell and not even altogether Spock to look a ten-year-old square in the eye and say: "But sweetie, how should *I* know why Polly's Santa Claus is really her father? Maybe her father *has* to be her Santa Claus, poor little thing! Maybe Santa Claus just doesn't *like* Polly. Did you ever think of that?"

I also know ten children who aren't going to see this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

I know all that. What I didn't know was what Ben meant when he kept tossing out, not at random, the words "materialistic" and "spiritual." What I always thought he meant was that it would be spiritual for Alison and Betsey and Jennifer and Timothy to *share* a single Chatty Kathy. Until a few weeks ago, that is.

That afternoon they were all in the coat closet (well, they *were*, that's all. They *like* the coat closet) making out their Christmas lists. Pam, who can spell, was helping the ones who can't write; and Alison, who is magic, was helping the ones who can't talk. I had my ear at the crack, listening, because I'm still trying to hear one of those childhood conversations whose innocent candor tears at your heartstrings. You've read about them, I'm sure. What I heard was my dear little ones calculating how much more each of them would get for Christmas if they didn't have so many brothers and sisters. They named, giving reasons therefor, their choice—those they would gladly do without. They catalogued the children they would trade for hockey skates or an electric organ with four octaves, or seven Betsey-Wetsies with seven different-colored hairs. From what I could hear through the crack, *nobody* kept Buckley and Timothy, which is understandable, but not nice.



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So I decided this Christmas the Heaths would be spiritual. Spiritual, *also*, I mean. At my age you just can't cut those old materialistic ways right out of your life. And by coincidence I happened to be reading, at the time, a book called *Around the Year with the Trapp Family*. Actually, I was reading it to find out why the Trapps play the recorder better than we do, a fact which is widely bruited by those who have heard us, though not necessarily the Trapps. It turned out, though, that the Trapp family spends its year, not in playing the recorder, as I had thought, but in "Keeping the Feasts and Seasons of the Christian Year," which was, in fact, the subtitle of the book, too. We plunged into keeping the season like the Trapps. Some of us (me) plunged more enthusiastically than others (Jim, Pam, John, Priscilla, Buckley, Alison, Betsey, Jennifer, Timothy, Janet and their father).

Certainly some of the things the Trapp family does at Christmas are not entirely suited to the Heath family. I know. I *know*. And some—give me that much—I didn't even try. Like baking the traditional Speculatius on December 6 (St. Nicholas' Day), for instance; or Kletzenbrot on December 21st, (St. Thomas' Day) or even *Lebzelten, Lebkuchen, Spanish Wind, Marzipan, Rum Balls, Nut Busserln, Cocoanut Busserln, Rum Stangerln, Pfeffernusse,* and *Plain Cookies* on December 23rd especially since the freezer was bulging with still Uncut'n'Unbaked rolls of cookie dough. Nor did I consider suggesting that everybody take a nap before Midnight Mass and that their father awaken them by going from room to room with a lighted candle singing "Shepherds Up!" (each verse pitched a half-tone higher than the last), though I think it would be lovely, myself.

We *did* make an Advent Wreath with four red candles, but John and Priscilla are Junior Fire Marshals and though they would have let us suspend the wreath from the ceiling on four red ribbons, they wouldn't let us light the candles while we did it. Anyhow, I know perfectly well that Ben would light off for the South Seas before he would stand under the wreath, read the Gospel for the Day and listen to the children sing: "Ye heavens, dew drop from above and rain ye clouds the Just One. . . ." Even if I could get the children to sing it: They *giggle* so!

The Trapps say that "Silent Night" should be sung for the first time on Christmas Eve and I agree with them, and the children agreed with me, which would have been enough to make me withdraw the suggestion immediately if I hadn't been so bemused with good will and all. It wasn't till I got the notes from Mr. Jones, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billingham, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt and Miss Bates that I remembered that the Fourth Form Glee Club Concert, the Grade VII Carol Sing, and Grade VI Christmas Vespers, the Grade III Christmas Play, the Grade II Christmas Chapel, The Grade I Christmas Assembly, the Kindergarten Christmas Program and the Nursery School Christmas Party to all of which I have been kindly invited, have three things in common: rehearsals, Heaths and "Silent Night." *I understood perfectly, I wrote to Mr. Jones, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billingham, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt and Miss Bates.*

Simple and Spiritual

I didn't see how the *Christkindl* custom could go wrong, though. I *still* don't. In the Trapp family, every one writes his name on a piece of paper and the papers are put in a basket which is passed around as soon as the children have finished singing: "Ye heavens, dew drop from above." Everybody picks a name from the basket, and the pickee, if you follow me, becomes the picker's secret *Christkindl,* and the idea is, you do your *Christkindl* a good turn every day until Christmas without ever letting him know who you are. It sounds simple, spiritual, and also fun, doesn't it? And it works out beautifully in the Trapp family. In fact, from then on until Christmas, the Trapp household resounds with the glad cries of *Christkindlen* who have found their shoes shined, their hair ribbons ironed, or the table already set the day it was their turn. But there *are* a few technical problems that I feel you should know about, just in case you plan to get spiritual next year.

In our house, the first technical problem was Jim. Jim said he was too old for this kind of thing, and I said, what did he mean, too old: most of the Trapps are older than he is; and he said, not those dumb kids that sang that dumb Do-Re-Mi-song weren't older than he is; and I said, well, if he thought he was too old at 15, what did he think *I* was; and he said, too old at 42 (*never* tell children your age!), but anyhow, I won, because after all, I'm the one who has to sign his Driver Education Permission Slip. Then the others said what about Timothy and Janet? Timothy and Janet were too little to do good turns to their *Christkindlen* so why should they be anybody else's *Christkindl?* I said that wasn't very spiritual, and *I* would take care of their *Christkindlens* and let's *draw*, for heaven's sake! So we drew, and five of them drew their own names and Janet ate one, which turned out to be John. We made another slip for John and we drew again and eight of them drew their own names. I said, maybe it would work out better if I drew a name for each of them, and they said, No *sir*, not and have me know who everybody's *Christkindl* was and comparing what everybody did for their *Christkindl*, no *sir*, Mother, none of that stuff. Jim and Pam said that if they could have paper and pencil and peace and quiet they could probably work it out by mathematical probabilities, but I didn't think I could wait that long, so I called them up by ages, and before Jim drew, I took out his name, and before Pam drew I took out her name and put back Jim's name, and so on. (Well, unless I *tell* you, how will you ever know how to do it?) When we had all drawn, everybody opened his little paper "at a given signal" (this is one of the rules) and read the name of his secret—*secret*, mind you — *Christkindl*. (Another uniformly joyful moment among the Trapps.) Jim looked up from his paper, glared at John and groaned. John looked up from his paper, glared at Jim and made vomiting noises. Priscilla said: "Oh, Mother, do I *have* to have that *pest?*" Buckley said: "I am *not* a pest." Everybody nudged everybody else. "Jim has John. John has Jim. Priscilla has Buckley," they told each other.

The non-readers came running up to find out who their *Christkindlen*

(Continued on p. 420)

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Onward to Yesterday

Those who would characterize conservatism as nothing more than a desire to turn the clock back do not, says the author, understand the difference between a museum and a junk-yard.

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Common phrases, like common coins, enjoy currency at their face value. If the phrase be witty or the coin shiny, the mass of men accept it in a spirit of unquestioning belief. But in dogmas as in dimes we find the hollowed coin; and here I should like to examine a certain phrase that runs freely through the land today although it has within it all the marks of counterfeit.

We have all heard it said or seen it in print or—God forbid—we may even have entertained it ourselves. It is the opinion that conservatism involves "turning the clock back"; and in another coinage we find it wittily asserting that the motto of conservatism is, "Onward to Yesterday!" But this is clipped coinage, and the time has come to halt its circulation.

The idea that conservatism looks backward fails on two counts. It involves, first, the drastic misconception that conservatives are attempting to operate a kind of cold-storage warehouse of history; that the ideal world of the conservatives is a sort of suspended animation; that life in a conservative world must be cold, limited, and gloomy. The second grievous misconception lies in the implication that the phrase must be exclusively pejorative; that what is old must therefore be bad; that whatever has rooted in the past cannot grow straight or bear fruit today; that, therefore, only the new is good.

To say that conservatives would turn the clock back is to apply to the discussion the cartoonist's technique of selective exaggeration. Of course it is true that the conservative would preserve and even enhance some aspects of the past, but the crucial difference between the cartoonist's slander and the actual fact is that the conservative desires to preserve only those values that seem to him worthy of preservation. He discriminates.

Anyone who thinks that to select a few good things from the past is the same as to turn the clock back does not understand the difference between running a museum and a junk-yard. The conservative discriminates, and somehow even the word discrimination, like the word criticism, has begun to carry overtones of evil. But it is the function of intellect to discriminate, to recognize essential differences, to select. This is what the conservative does when he studies history. He exercises his judgment upon the past in order to select from the tradition of his fathers and the history of his race the enduringly admirable qualities of humanity. This is what the conservative does when he looks at the times he lives in. He criticizes the present in order to

identify those men and those ideas that seem most suitable to the task of carrying on the admirable traditions of the past. And this is what the conservative does when he looks to the future. The essence of conservatism is discrimination, selection, choice, judgment—exercised not only upon the past, but upon the present and upon the future.

The conservative finds in history all of the elements that we see in the world today. Tyrants rule and slaves suffer today as they did three thousand years ago in Egypt and Persia, two thousand years ago in Rome, one thousand years ago in Peru, five hundred years ago in Mexico, two hundred years ago in France, one hundred years ago in the American South, fifty years ago in Korea. Today, just as in the times of Solomon, men stagger under the only slightly less intolerable oppression of unjust taxation and decadent currencies. Today we recoil before a flood tide of public dishonesty; it was no different when Diogenes held up his lamp at noon to find an honest man, or when it was thought that crucifixion was a just punishment for robbers as well as saviors, or when the vile act of treason was punished by the no less vile sentence of being hanged, drawn, and quartered. Society has always detested the tyrant, despised the thief, abhorred the traitor. The conservative hates these when he finds them in history, as he hates them when he sees them now. He would not turn the clock back to such as these.

Learning from History

But the conservative finds also in history the life of Jesus and His message of love and mercy; he witnesses the human thirst for liberty in every country of the Western world throughout three thousand years; he measures the growing demand for justice; he notices a general public approval of the ideals of honesty and fair dealing. If we must turn the clock back to secure these values, shall we not do so?

The conservative comes to know in history the repeated agonies of re-

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peated tyrannies, the consuming poison of unremitting hatreds, the price of faithlessness. He finds in history the justifying wisdom of the ideals of love, justice, liberty, truth. And he turns to the future not indiscriminately to perpetuate the past with all its evils and its goods, but to improve upon the past in preserving only the best of it and snuffing out the worst. The conservative works for a world that will have no slaves; for a government that will work without extortionist taxation; for liberty without mob rule; for justice; for a society that will make a habit of honesty and true speech; for humane learning.

The conservative turns the clock back? Rather he turns to the past to make plans for the future. And his plans are revolutions.

Enduring Standards

It is necessary to emphasize that when the conservative passes judgment on the past and the present he does not act, as it were, in a vacuum. In order to judge, one must have a standard of judgment; and underlying the conservative's whole approach to the world and the lives of men is his belief that there are enduring standards that not only may but must be applied to men and thoughts and actions both past and present. The recognition of absolute standards is the bedrock of conservative philososphy. The conservative is not one of those moral relativists who would declare that each act must be judged only in the light of the times, or according to the psyche of the actor, or according to the necessities of the situation. The conservative does not pardon the man who thieves and murders in the next village, nor does he pardon the man who murdered and thieved in the preceding century. The conservative believes that a standard of value, if it is to be a standard, must apply today as it applied yesterday. The fourth dimension, that of time, may apply to the measurement of material things; but it cannot apply to the measurement of ideals. A moral ideal is a good ideal or a bad ideal, no matter what time of day it is.

A mountain catches on its peak the last glow of the setting sun, and Solomon in awe lifts up his eyes to it, singing of God. Even if the mountain in time washes into the valley and is no more, as the geologists tell us it will, still the poem endures. There will be other sierras and other sunsets, and other men to respond in love and awe before the beauty of creation. What Solomon sang of one mountain will be, in time, false. What he said about man's relation to mountains will always be true.

Grandfather planted the seed of a good apple and promised that we should have good apples from the tree. For a time we did. But then the winds came, and the worms, and also came another breed of planter, not a father but a City Father, who planted not a tree but a blotch of concrete speedway through the orchard, and the apples do not burst upon the branches now. What Grandfather said about one tree is false. But we took a seed from the last apple and planted it, and some day we shall have fine apples again. What he said about the good fruit of the good seed was true and will be always true.

It is the qualities that endure, not the things. The unearthly gospel of love, the human thirst for liberty, the purity of truth, man's love for the beauty of the wilderness—these endure. Tomorrow, as yesterday, the mass of men will hate the robber and fight for liberty and give their souls for love. Time will not change these values. Time has been unable to change these values.

It is important to repeat that it is the mass of men who have spoken on these things. The doctrine of love, the pursuit of sweet liberty, the standard of honesty, the ideal of justice—these are not the passwords of a shady little band of schemers, these are not the invention of this morning. These are the goals toward which the mass of men have struggled for thousands of years. Human history cannot be understood as a voluntary effort by the mass of men to attain the goals of slavery, hatred, and injustice. Human history roars at us with its record of terrible struggle against slavery from the time when Moses led his nation out of Egypt; it appeals to us in its message of love from the time when Jesus walked upon our earth; it records the growth of justice from the reign of Hammurabi. Liberty, justice, love—is it not these ideals that have been the constantly recurring aspirations of the mass of men throughout recorded history, is it not these that have developed, though ever so slowly, against the unremitting pressure of the ancient tyrannies? These values are human values, valid yesterday, valid today, valid tomorrow in human life. The mass of men have testified to their worth and to their price. They are not affected by time. They exist unchanged throughout history. It is these values that the conservative must select from his reading of history; these that he uses to measure the past, to criticize the present, and to plan for the future. As to the indictment that conservatives would turn the clock back, the defense rests.

So Maybe I'm Allergic

I can't stand sin,
(Abhor iniquity),
Loathe raw oysters,
(Awful' finiquity).

I shun the shocks
That flesh is heir to,
Won't wear bikinis,
(Just can't bare to).

Yachts and outboards
Give me retches,
Ditto rowboats,
Yawls and ketches.

I have no taste
For losing-weight goop;
Man, like, dig me . . .
I'm a hate group!

ELEANOR MELLICHAMP SMITH

Are Old Things Bad?

The second error involved in the phrases "onward to yesterday" and "turning the clock back" arises from the concealed premise that anything that is old is bad. We have touched upon this in our description of the sources to which the conservative goes when he looks for enduring principles, and we need not develop further the assertion that the dimension of time cannot apply to moral values. There are other things to say about this assumption that what is old is bad.

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The most striking objection is that we have to exclude the statement itself. For if the lives and actions and the thoughts of yesterday are worthless today, what must we say tomorrow about today's assertion that what is old is worthless? Will not that assertion then be old? The man who says this must believe that he has got hold of the only permanent truth in the universe; and one rarely meets a man so wise. I doubt the man, and I doubt the statement.

Furthermore, the assertion that what is old is bad does not lead to necessarily admirable societies, and we can get along very well without it. Let me live in a society dedicated to liberty, justice, love, mercy, truth, and humane learning—and I shall find it very easy to live without the man who says that what is old is bad. His truth may be truth, just as the frog's croaking has a certain ring of sincerity in it; but it has no practical effects. We know the practical effects of dedication to liberty, justice, mercy, love and the panoply of excellences identified by the noblest minds over the centuries. These things work. Let us then work with these things!

These things are old, but they are not old like a fish in the market place at noon. They are as old as humanity itself, and as true and as consistent. One might as well complain that humanity is no good, because humanity has been here before. These values are, in the highest sense, the only thing that humanity truly is. They exist in the most permanent and gracious domicile this side of the mind of God—namely, the minds and hearts of men and women.

The Pattern of Years

There seems to be also a serious lack of proportion in this objection that what is old is bad. For it may not be so old after all. It is probable that humanity has existed on the earth for a hundred million years, during most of which time we have been contending with beasts in the darkness. If we plotted this history in a straight line, we should find that the unrecorded history of the race occupies 99.997 per cent of the length of the line, and that the history that we have been discussing here occupies only the final infinitesimal fraction of that line. If we plotted the history of humanity on the face of a twenty-four-hour clock, we should have to turn the hands back only 2.7 seconds to get to the time of Moses. Are these two seconds so important in themselves that we must forgo the opportunity to listen once again to the lofty discourses of the last three thousand years?

It took a long time for humanity to reach the pinnacle of Sinai. Much since then has happened, not all of it good. There have been saints who were ahead of their times, and there have been monsters who would have driven us back to the wilderness of cruelty and hatred. The pattern of the last three thousand years runs approximately upward only when we connect the peaks with the peaks. Some of the peaks of the past still overshadow us, despite our twenty-century-long climb.

Is it, then, so heinous a crime to look back to the glories of our history in order to measure ourselves? It is as if we were navigators far from land: the only fix that we know for certain is the location of our point of departure, and that point becomes our principal reference in steering an outbound course. Can we not also assure ourselves of steering a straight course ahead by taking pains to leave a straight wake behind us? We go most accurately forward by referring most truly to our starting point. Like it or not, we are navigating through history on our sea of present troubles.

Even if our recorded history did actually stretch back one hundred million years, we should be justified in referring to it. For the longest barrel fires the straightest shot. But we are not talking about a history of unthinkable distance. It is only the last fraction of our story that comes down to us. From the Exodus to us it is only a wink of the eye of eternity. All of recorded history is now, here, with us present: it is not buried in the jungle under snakes. What was written three thousand years ago speaks to us now; what men fought for then we fight for now; what men longed for then we strive for today; the dreams endure. To look back only three thousand years into a history of one hundred million years is not to turn the clock back. It is simply to look at the clock to find out what time it is.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Good Tidings from the District of Columbia

A good teacher, according to Mr. Carl F. Hansen, superintendent of schools of the District of Columbia, "has a blackboard, and a piece of chalk in her hand, and teaches." Despite the great difficulties caused in the District by the integration of white and colored schools, Superintendent Hansen actually has improved the standard of performance in Washington during the past two years. He is even beginning to convert the average teacher to doctrines of sound education.

Kirk

The teacher, he says, "can't just sit around with a little group, listening to children recite." Nor can the teacher be forever "regrouping chairs" upon the Progressive principle of constantly shifting "free activity." Mr. Hansen stands for traditional intellectual disciplines, and proven pedagogical methods. He wants the teacher to engage in careful advance preparation of subject-matter for each day, rather than relying (Progressively) on improvisation. He desires separate and distinct instruction in the major basic subjects—reading, writing, speech, spelling, history, geography, mathematics, science, art and music. He holds by systematic instruction in English language and literature, commencing in kindergarten, introducing formal grammar in the fourth grade, and emphasizing "purposeful writing and speech."

It is heartening to find a big-city superintendent so forthright and so knowledgeable. "American education," Mr. Hansen said recently to some of his teachers, "is cluttered with terms which have no scientific reference." A vulgarized Freudianism and an indiscriminate application of sentimental theories of education have afflicted American schools with "massive chaos, confusion, and uncertainty," he declared. One bit of unscientific and abstract nonsense which most American schools have embraced is the notion that children should not be taught to read until they attain a "mental age" of six and a half years. "There is no such thing as a finite mental age of six and a half," Mr. Hansen observed.

Here is a bold and sound intellect at work in an important center of America; and I think Mr. Hansen will be heard outside the boundaries of the District. It is worth some reflection that many of the fallacies which he denounced recently were thrust upon the Japanese schools, during our military occupation of Japan, by the educationists we sent to "democratize" them. Probably the Japanese will recover in time—sooner, perhaps, than we will. But the Japanese will be left with the impression that American "democracy" is a curiously shoddy product.

The sensible and courageous educational doctrines expressed by Superintendent Hansen are not yet the ideas which we are spreading abroad, it is sad to remark. A great power in American educational activities throughout the world is Mr. John Hannah, president of Michigan State University, which institution has more faculty members at work overseas than has any other American university. Enjoying strong political influence with the Eisenhower Administration, President Hannah has built an empire in Asia and Africa for the former agricultural college in East Lansing. Michigan State people run business administration programs in two Brazilian universities, and an audio-visual aids center in São Paulo; they assist two academies in Pakistan that train personnel for the "Village Aid" program; they supervise the University of the Ryukyus, in Okinawa, sponsored by the Army; they furnish technical advice to the government of South Vietnam; they are sending agricultural teachers to the university and the agricultural college of Taiwan; and now they are taking over the new University of Nigeria.

It is a very ill omen that our federal government has reposed its trust, in matters so important, chiefly in what *Time* calls "a football-happy giant," Michigan State University, which has graduated only three or four well-known scholars in the whole of its history. In a country that possesses the universities of Chicago, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Stanford, Johns Hopkins, and several other first-rate long-established institutions of real intellectual repute, in addition to such important state universities as the University of Michigan (Ann Arbor) and the University of California, we have chosen to be represented abroad by a swollen campus that emphasizes quantity to the exclusion of nearly everything else. I do not mean that there are no sound scholars engaged in these MSU projects abroad; on the contrary, I know of several able people they have sent. But if the general principles of such an undertaking are shaky, the edifice is liable to injure American influence in Asia and Africa.

What sort of general principles govern Michigan State's overseas educational empire may be sufficiently suggested by a speech that President John Hannah gave in Chicago last autumn. America, he said, is "historically, firmly, and irrevocably committed to mass education"; and America must resist pressures to establish an educational elite. He declared himself all against raising standards for admission to college and university. In a time when the new African and Asiatic nations need precisely the development of a natural aristocracy of intellect and character, gentlemen like Mr. Hannah offer them the degradation of the democratic dogma. If President Kennedy really is looking for New Frontiers, he might turn his attention to putting some intellectual content into our "educational" endeavors abroad, rather than, as we seem to have been doing, establishing there the swamp of the educational backwoods.

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Poet in Fancy Dress

HUGH KENNER

As it happens, the first biography of Ezra Pound (EZRA POUND, by Charles Norman, Macmillan, $6.95) comes not from the lime-kilns of Academe at all, but from the quarter where Sunday supplements are incubated. Mr. Norman is no scholar, though he has a scholar's antennae for the opinions of right-thinking people. He does not even really dislike his subject; has no desire to suggest that once we have mastered the contours of the life our interest in the work will be slaked; quotes, in fact, and generously, not always with the ghost of an idea of what he is quoting. (On page 19 an excerpt from Canto XXII is made to document the date and place of Pound's attendance at a trial which took place, if at all, six centuries before he was born: the account in the Canto not being drawn from the life but paraphrased from a fourteenth-century novella of Franco Sacchetti's.)

He has been industrious, but not to the point of exhaustion; though his publisher's claim that he "has been in touch with every living person who knew Pound or knew anything about him" is simply untrue, he has tracked down the recollections of surviving schoolfellows ("lone wolf," recalled one; "quite a chess-player," said another) and long-ago protégés ("... the cat-like cries too," one of them recalled, "and the elegant black stick and somewhat voluminous overcoat, flying hair . . ."). Whole pages dance with sartorial detail: an omelette-yellow dressing-gown, a fawn-colored dressing-gown, a green robe, a green coat with square blue buttons; even details of the costume George Antheil wore to Stravinsky's *Les Noces* in Paris, June 13, 1923, not omitting the name of the tailor. Nor do we look in vain for Amy Lowell's cigar, or "her innumerable trunks and boxes," nor for the worth of the wooden chair in Gaudier-Brzeska's studio (one shilling). With sporadic lavishness, in fact, everything is documented except those movements of Pound's mind that are of permanent moment.

For he has, has Mr. Norman, a quite uncomplicated feature-writer's sense of the entertainment-value of personality, the sort of nose for copy that elicits from college classmates memoirs of his subject's turtle-neck sweater and of the practical jokes he underwent, while displaying rank incuriosity about the curriculum that was engaging his mind. It is here that the real story begins; for Pound belonged to the last academic generation that studied Greek and Latin as living literature, and simultaneously to the first for which English poetry was a subject of formal study. So it is not surprising that his approach to the poetry he undertook to write should have been markedly *learned,* as was that of the Italian *stil nuovo* writers he found so congenial. The same, of course, is true of Eliot; and the two of them may be usefully contrasted with William Carlos Williams, who was Pound's exact contemporary at the University of Pennsylvania, but was enrolled in the medical school: which is to say, he studied no literature at all; and so, mixed with the passion he brought to his reading none of the habits of the classroom.

Ezra Pound

Pound's biography is the story of an eager intelligence confronting a wholly new poetic situation. One of its turning-points, for instance, was the quick and astonishingly resourceful realization that Ernest Fenollosa's manuscript on the Chinese written character was, under the new conditions, "a whole basis of aesthetic." The *Cantos,* begun not long after, are deliberately structured, part cut into part, and the key to the structuring is Fenollosa's essay. Mr. Norman, on the other hand, has not written Pound's biography but a fancy-dress chronicle, so he has nothing to say about this intellectual encounter. An anecdote about the way Pound acquired the Fenollosa papers is sufficient for his purposes: one more piece of exotica coming into the ken of the man with the green billiard-cloth trousers. And as for the structure of the *Cantos,* why, they are autobiographical and not much more than that: "the stream of consciousness of a literary eclectic." It is like supposing that the Brooklyn Bridge was extruded from a tube.

Insensitive to the tensions of this studied discontinuity, Mr. Norman naturally finds autobiography everywhere: in *Mauberley,* notably, and there in the teeth of Pound's claim (which he quotes) to be "no more Mauberley than Eliot is Prufrock." So he is put to wondering rather pointlessly why in the first section of *Mauberley* Pound brought in a doomed hero, Capaneus, who doesn't seem to fit. Alas, the hand of Ezra has been more cunning than innocence is wont to suppose; for the first section of *Mauberley* is not Pound on Pound but Mauberley on Pound, and Mauberley is a very enervated Englishman indeed, surveying like a *Times* obituary-writer

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this strenuous American's foredoomed efforts to resuscitate the dead art. And the last section of *Mauberley* is Mauberley's one poem, an affair of great taste but mild talent. And all the rest of *Mauberley*—everything in between—is Pound proving Mauberley wrong: Pound unkillable, supplying in savage conformity what the age demanded, *and* recreating Mauberley's own plight, *and* writing his epitaph, *and* attending to the publication of his literary remains—all this with an unforced compassion for the poor devil that gives its real point to Pound's note that the whole sequence is "distinctly a farewell to London."

Indeed no one with a sense of the personality that informs Pound's poetry could make of *Mauberley* what Mr. Norman makes of it: a prolonged fit of despair. But Mr. Norman's stylistic sense is not notably exact. On page 148 he can even attribute to Pound a Vorticist expletive which bears the signature of Wyndham Lewis on its every contortion. This attribution appears based on the fact that a silly manifesto of John Kasper's rather resembles the page of *Blast* in question, and Pound had to do with both men.

This book plainly isn't the inside story it sets out to be. Though its external facts seem pretty accurate, and its response to one facet at least of its subject, his unflagging selfless generosity, is unstinted and unforced, it has about as much to convey to the understanding as, say, an issue of *Life*. It is tirelessly diverting, endlessly bright, and cluttered with just the sort of senseless detail that turns up in snapshots because the camera can leave nothing out. Whoever wants a life of Pound that makes sense will have to wait a while longer, and will probably be offered a couple of hatchet-jobs first. For Academe, 1960, sleeps not, neither does it forgive.

Castro: The Brute Facts

JOSEPH F. THORNING

IN RED STAR OVER CUBA: THE RUSSIAN ASSAULT ON THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE (Devin-Adair, $4.50), Nathaniel Weyl traces the career of Fidel Castro from his "murky" beginnings, through his armed participation in the Bogotá *putsch* (April 9, 1948), to his present role as the best-advertised Gauleiter of the Soviet empire. Drawing upon a wide range of documentation in English and Spanish, the author describes the "Supreme Chief" of the Cuban revolution, not as a dim-witted tool of astute advisers, but as "a seasoned and highly competent Soviet agent."

The first six chapters, among them "The Saturnalia of Blood," "The Student Assassins," and "Apprenticeship in Murder," demonstrate the manner in which the boy from Oriente was prepared for his part in the Marxist-Leninist conspiracy. The facts about the Castro brothers, Fidel and Raúl, were a matter of public record long before they followed Dr. Ernesto "Che" Guevara into Havana in January 1959. All anyone needed, to know the character of the principal demagogues, was the ability to read.

How then was it possible for the Castro conspirators to pose as liberators? What persuaded Mr. Herbert L. Matthews of the *New York Times* to stake the remnants of his reputation as a reporter on the good will and noble idealism proclaimed by the Castro clique in Cuba and—what was worse—to impose his mistaken views upon the responsible State Department officials? How could Mr. Jules Dubois, a veteran on the Latin American scene, rhapsodize about his Cuban "Robin Hood" and produce a "quickie" biography of his hero that will haunt him the rest of his life? Why are men responsible for disastrous failures in U.S. foreign policy not only shielded from public reprobation, but even promoted to posts abroad where they hope to be forgotten? The answers to these and numerous other questions are available in *Red Star Over Cuba.*

It is easy to identify the two Foreign Service officers who paved the way for Fidel and Raúl Castro. They were Messrs. Roy Richard Rubottom Jr., until recently Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs and now Ambassador to Argentina, and William Arthur Wieland, former Chief of the Caribbean Division in the State Department, now reassigned to Switzerland. Both imagined that the Castro brothers would inaugurate a democratic regime in Cuba after the military dictatorship of General Fulgencio Batista. Both Rubottom and Wieland were warned about the grave dangers to American security in a policy which glossed over, or concealed, the true nature of the "26th of July Movement." Two U.S. Ambassadors, Arthur Gardner and Earl E. T. Smith, supplied plenty of evidence showing that the Castro clique was "Red-dominated and hostile to the United States."

Moreover, by a curious coincidence, Messrs. Rubottom and Wieland had been eye-witnesses of the Bogotá uprising. U.S. citizens and taxpayers might have assumed that both men would have been "sufficiently curious about the organization and mechanics of the event to study the available books and police reports and to have remembered the names of the chief Soviet criminals in the tragedy."

Neither Rubottom nor Wieland did a minimum of homework. Indeed, as Mr. Weyl points out, Assistant Secretary of State Rubottom, on December 31, 1958, testified that "there was no evidence of any organized Communist element within the Castro movement or that Señor Castro himself was under Communist influence." The charitable view of such sworn testimony is that, since it was a complete misconception of what was happening, the official in question was guilty of gross negligence compounded by incompetence.

Why then was Mr. Rubottom appointed Ambassador by the White House and confirmed by the U.S. Senate? A partial answer is given by Mr. Weyl: "This soft treatment of a man who had done perhaps irreparable damage to his country could perhaps be attributed to the fact that Rubottom had been a protégé of Milton Eisenhower, a well-intentioned, vaguely leftist former New-Deal bureaucrat who exercised massive influence over Latin American affairs chiefly because he was the President's brother." Milton Eisenhower, until recently a member of the Presidential Commission on Inter-American Affairs, never learned

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how to put three words together correctly in Spanish, Portuguese, or French. This was also true about Mr. Herbert L. Matthews who, at the instructions of Mr. Rubottom, was

asked to "brief" one of our Ambassadors to Cuba. Mr. Matthews is characterized by the author of *Red Star Over Cuba* as "an inveterate apologist for Soviet-infiltrated movements and the American primarily responsible for the campaign of propaganda and misrepresentation which sold Fidel Castro to the people of the United States as a Liberal and a democrat." This was another case of the blind leading the bland.

It may be emphasized that General Alberto Bayo, notorious for his Marxist-Leninist connections during the Spanish Civil War, continues to train left-wing elements in Cuba. It was Bayo who taught the Castro forces the tactics of guerrilla warfare in Mexico. Bayo's odd collection of international adventurers, common criminals and remnants of the so-called Caribbean Legion are also being indoctrinated by Soviet and Red Chinese experts. They are to serve as the spearheads of new invasions of Guatemala, Nicaragua, Panama and Venezuela. Propaganda squads, recruited from activists in Havana University, have been despatched by the Castro High Command to sow the seeds of agitation and subversion in all the South and Central American Republics. The recent bloodshed in Caracas, Venezuela, was directly attributable to *Fidelistas,* now a synonym for militant Communists. Indeed, for more than two years 90 per cent of the Caracas press has been dominated by editors and pseudo-reporters sympathetic to Soviet China and the Kremlin. Everybody in Venezuela knows that the Dean of the Faculty of Journalism in the Central University is an avowed Communist.

In view of the increasingly active role assumed by ex-President Lázaro Cárdenas of Mexico in the world-wide Marxist conspiracy, it is valuable to note that it was this "agrarian reformer" who saved Fidel Castro from prison and possible deportation when the Cuban was arrested by the Federal Security Police of Mexico in the summer of 1956. Subsequently, in the winter of 1959, General Cárdenas was a guest of honor in Moscow and Peking. When the Mexican ex-President reached Tokyo he assured interviewers that the Chinese "Popular Communes" were functioning fairly and efficiently. One month later in Fidel Castro's Cuba, Lázaro Cárdenas gave what the *New York Times* called his "blessing" to the Institute of Agrarian Reform, known to patriotic Cubans as the "Institute for Armed Robbery." The vast influence exercised by Cárdenas is one explanation for the support of Castro by many powerful Mexican officials.

Nathaniel Weyl has done a superb job of research and exposition. As for constructive action, he recommends a blockade of the nearby island, the dismissal of U.S. officials who misjudged the character of Castro, an information program that would bring the facts to the attention of all Latin America, and collective moves by all independent nations in the Western Hemisphere, including Canada, to help decent Cubans recover their homeland. This course of action liberated the people of Guatemala; nothing less is required to save the Cubans who want to be Good Neighbors.

Castro: A Professor's Fantasy

NATHANIEL WEYL

Professor C. Wright Mills of Columbia University has written a book called Listen Yankee (McGraw Hill, $3.95) which may well administer the *coup de grace* to his reputation as a social scientist. Brief as this volume is, it can be characterized as chloroform in print. It is so disorganized that the liberal *Washington Post* compared Mills to the late Wilhelm Reich and it makes appalling errors of fact.

The book consists of eight letters from an imaginary Cuban revolutionist, and a brief note to the reader in which Dr. Mills reassures us that we can still be saved provided we help Latin America expropriate all United States enterprise. It is almost entirely hortatory and devoid of information; it blames all Latin American ills on United States imperialism; it finds that Castro's Cuba is always right and the American Government always wrong; it sounds like a tape recording of one of Castro's TV harangues.

Mills went to Cuba as a guest of Castro, spent a month or less there and claims he spent 61 hours with the island's hairy dictator. In his skimpy bibliography, he lists no work in the Spanish language. His feeble grasp of that tongue and his superficial acquaintance with Latin America are indicated by such slips as repeatedly writing of *Batistas* (individuals bearing that surname) instead of *Batistianos* (supporters of Batista)

Where there is opportunity to misinterpret events so as to tarnish the record of his country, Mills (or his fictitious Cuban *alter ego*) generally seizes upon it. Errors of fact are myriad and egregious. I shall cite only a few specimens.

Item. On p. 45, it is stated that in 1950 in all of Cuba "less than 5,000 [children] began the eighth grade." *Comment:* in 1953-54, there were 17,527 students in Havana University alone. Does Dr. Mills believe that the University students came straight from primary school?

Item. Mills says that Castro has closed Havana's brothels and writes: "Our sisters are not going to be whores for Yankees any more." *Comment:* Didn't it occur to him that Cubans also use the services of prostitutes?

Item. The imaginary Cuban says that Fidel Castro is the most "demo-

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cratic force in Cuba" because he always appeals to "public opinion on the TV and also in person." *Comment:* By this criterion, Adolf Hitler was the most democratic force in Germany.

Mills writes breathlessly about the economic performance of the Castro regime. He turns molehills into mountains and makes the incredible statement that the Cuban revolution is the first in the world "which *began* right away with an increased production." This is false and is refuted by all unbiased and competent observers.

He seems completely insensitive to the fact that Castro and his Communists have destroyed freedom of the press, due process of law, the right to vote and the other basic liberties of Western civilization. He voices no objection to the wholesale executions, the denunciations and the pervasive secret police system; he dismisses the suffocation of the Cuban press with the fantastic falsehood that that press was "just a part of Batista's ruling gang"; and he assures his readers that the leading figures in Castro's regime are not Communists.

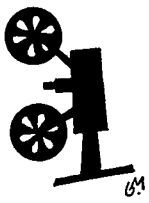
Now let us turn from the little lies to the big ones. Mills or his *alter ego* claims that the United States supported Batista (whom he characterized in professional fashion as a "butcher . . . a sick barbarian, a cruel savage . . . bloody bastard") right up to the end. This falsifies history. The United States put pressure on Batista to get out in 1957-58 and embargoed arms shipments to his regime in March 1958, thereby pulling the rug out from under him and ensuring his downfall. At the time, according to Mills' own admission, Castro had only 300 men under his command and hence could hardly have been the ratified voice of the Cuban people.

Then, Dr. Mills claims that United States investment is the cause of Latin American poverty and cites Cuba and Venezuela. He neglects to state that because of "oil imperialism," per capita income in Venezuela in 1956 was $750, or two and a half times the Latin American average. Corrupt and rotten as the Batista regime was, it is worth remembering that Cuban real national income rose 38 per cent during 1953-57. Nor was this gain absorbed by Mills' greedy capitalists. During 1946-54, wages and salaries moved from 56 per cent to 65 per cent of Cuban national income.

Mills may be right in one important respect. If the Communist regime in Cuba survives, it may bring Cuba into an era of rapid, dynamic expansion. What Cuba has lacked is vigorous, accelerated capital creation. The USSR can afford to provide the capital and technicians for this, since there are only seven million Cubans and since the stakes are all Latin America. Moreover, Communist techniques of organization, propaganda and coercion make it possible to speed up real investment and "mobilize" idle labor. The fallacy of the innocent supporters of *Fidelismo* is to imagine that only Communism can create capital resources swiftly and that nations must choose between freedom and factories.

Movies

Wayne at the Alamo



JOAN DIDION

In the course of my duties as one of two utility infielders on the staff of a sixty-cent magazine, I am frequently dispatched to see movies. (Despite its sedentary nature, this is referred to around the office as "doing legwork," and is much respected.) Ever since the day when my companion infielder, an old Barnard girl, admitted that she liked Rossellini, the *nouvelle vague*, Jules Dassin, Peter Sellers, Ingmar Bergman, and movies made on the West Side with local talent and some leftover sixteen-millimeter film, I have been able to wallow in my own favorites: the Movies that are Better Than Ever, the twenty-four-carat Coast Product.

Despite a distinct preference for movies released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, mostly because their Broadway projection room features murals showing great scenes from great MGM movies (it is an inspiring thing to sit there of a rainy Wednesday afternoon and contemplate the old days, when Dalton Trumbo was writing movies like *A Guy Named Joe* and *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*), I committed myself instead not long ago into the care of United Artists, to see John Wayne's *The Alamo*. (I use the possessive advisedly; Mr. Wayne not only produced it, directed it, and played Davy Crockett in it, but cast both his teenage son, Patrick, and his toddling daughter, Alissa, in featured roles.)

There seemed to be no real reason other than John Wayne's presence, why I should like *The Alamo*. This was no Western, no thing of perfect symmetry, no classic tale played out beneath the blazing still sun of American myth, reaching its *agon* in the dust of a never-never Main Street. This was a message picture, as surely as *Gentlemen's Agreement, Pinky, Home of the Brave*. Although I do not like to admit it, perhaps I simply approved the message, loved John Wayne for writing in the *Hollywood Reporter* that he wanted to "show this living generation of Americans what their country really stands for," adored him for saying that he got the money (it took twelve million dollars to get this particular message on the screen) "from great men like Clinton W. Murchison and O. J. and I. J. McCullough."

Because if you do like *The Alamo*, and I did, you like it in the face of obstacles some would think steep. (So many thought those obstacles not only steep but insurmountable, in fact, that it became necessary for The Daughters of the Republic of Texas to announce that "it is entirely out of line for the New York papers to be so sarcastic.") When I saw *The Alamo*, it was running three hours and thirty-six minutes (Obstacle #1), which made seeing it only slightly less strenuous than defending it had been. John Wayne, however, later acceded to popular demand and agreed to cut the prints a little. As far as I was concerned, he could have

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Books of Interest

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, by James Agee and Evans Walker (Houghton, $6.50). Reissue of the 1941 classic in which a harrowingly honest man's search for the personal meaning of charity is brilliantly disguised as a documentary account of three Alabama families during the Depression.

The Blowing Up of the Parthenon, by Salvador de Madariaga (Praeger, $2.95). A brisk little book by a man who is of the novel opinion that wars, hot or cold, are for winning.

Pomp and Circumstance, by Noel Coward (Doubleday, $4.50). An instant antibiotic against taking-oneself-too-seriously; a little novel that has the texture and flavor of the froth on the top of a frozen daiquiri.

The Earp Brothers of Tombstone, by Frank Waters (Clarkson N. Potter, $5.00). A dissent on Wyatt and the boys, in which it is revealed that there was dirty work afoot down at the O.K. Corral.

Sermons and Soda-Water, by John O'Hara (Random House, $5.95). Three short novels in search of an editor—but proof, nonetheless, that nobody but O'Hara really knows the road from Gibbsville to "21."

edited out almost every sequence featuring Laurence Harvey (Obstacle #2); my first thought was that he could have edited out *every* sequence featuring Laurence Harvey, but since Harvey, through some misadventure, was playing Travis, this solution to the length-problem might have proved perhaps too extreme, perhaps a little impractical.

All right, now. Overlook the length. Overlook Harvey. Overlook Frankie Avalon, who finds it necessary now and then to give out with a little modified rock. Overlook the homely, rough-hewn, synthetic good humor put forth by Chill Wills and the rest of the Kentucky mountain boys. Overlook the birthday party given for the Alamo's favorite toddler (Alissa Wayne) on the eve of the siege. (This should be easy enough to overlook since it has, I understand, been cut.) Overlook the fact that she is heard to lisp, after the shooting's over, "Where's Daddy, Mummy?" Overlook the first thirty or forty minutes, during which time Travis (Harvey) pouts around, Sam Houston (Richard Boone) strides around to no effect, and Jim Bowie (Richard Widmark) tools around like a Los Angeles teenager deprived of his wheels.

Wait. About forty-five minutes into *The Alamo,* a man appears on that immense Todd-AO horizon. He smiles. He moves his shoulders a little. He says "Les-go" or something like it; who cares what he says? He goes riding through the tall grass down to San Antonio, right off the top of the screen, and you are, if you are like me, lost, lost forever. It is John Wayne. It might be Clark Gable, appearing in a white linen suit amid the flaming ruin of Atlanta to carry Scarlett home to Tara; it might be the purr of an American plane—always distinguishable from Axis planes, which had engines that whined—coming in overhead just as the rations run out in a World War II movie. From then on, the ball game's over.

At least it was for me. I wept as Wayne told his Mexican *inamorata* How A Man's Gotta Live. I wept as he explained why Republic Is A Beautiful Word. I wept throughout the siege of the mission; there was no use in my companion's trying to amuse me by pointing out that it had just come home to Richard Widmark, although the problem had been under discussion on screen for some three hours, that "WE NEED MORE MEN!" I was inconsolable by the time the battle was done, and Wayne lay on the cold cold ground, bleeding as no one has bled since Janet Leigh in *Psycho.* The last white woman walked out of the Alamo then. She had soot on her face, and she was carrying her child, and she held her head high as she walked past Santa Anna into the sunset. So conspicuous was my sniffling by then that you could scarcely hear the snickers from my neighbors, a couple of young men from *Esquire,* both of whom resembled Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE UNTRIED CASE: THE SACCO-VANZETTI CASE AND THE MORELLI GANG, by Herbert B. Ehrmann (Vanguard, $3.95). In the aftermath of Robert Montgomery's recent comprehensive survey of the overwhelming case against Sacco and Vanzetti (reviewed NR, Sept. 24), the Vanguard Press has thought it prudent, and perhaps profitable, to exhume Mr. Ehrmann's ancient red herring (first published in 1933) and drag it once more across the trail. The attempt is to pin the Braintree murders on a well-known gang of Italian hoodlums that was operating out of Rhode Island at the time. By limiting his book to matters touching this gang, Mr. Ehrmann spares himself the painful necessity of explaining away the ballistics evidence of Colonel Goddard, which makes Sacco's guilt irrefutable. Much the best part of the reissued volume is a brilliantly evasive letter, naively reproduced on its dust-jacket, from the law secretary of Mr. Justice Holmes, acknowledging the complimentary copy of this book which Ehrmann sent in 1934 to the great jurist. "He wished me to say," quoth the secretary, "that in years of reading thrillers he has come across no such engrossing a tale as your search for evidence against the Morelli gang." But whether, in Holmes' opinion, Mr. Ehrmann had actually found any evidence, the letter tactfully omits to say. W. A. RUSHER

MEMOIRS OF WORLD WAR I, by Brigadier General William Mitchell (Random House, $4.95). Billy Mitchell is remembered in American history chiefly for his tooth-and-claw struggle in the 1920s to establish air power as the decisive force in modern warfare. This volume explores a less well-known but equally important part of Mitchell's story—his role as head of American military aviation in World War I. Based on the author's battlefield diary, it reveals the war as the crucible which formed his strong-headed partiality for the air corps and his vehement distaste for the top brass. In trying to force an appreciation for the strategic capabilities of flying, Mitchell was quite as willing to stand up to Pershing as to the Germans—showing the resolution and angry self-assurance which eventually brought about his court martial. His honest, declarative style and the immediacy of the events he describes make this an absorbing and fast-moving story—as well as a copybook lesson in the frustrations of being too far ahead of your time. M. S. EVANS

WATER OF LIFE, by Henry Morton Robinson (Simon & Schuster, $5.95). Had Mr. Robinson distilled this best-seller about a bourbon-making family down to a monograph on bourbon he would have had one of the year's most engaging, informative books. Unfortunately, he chose to add *dramatis personae*: three generations of the Woodhull family, plus friends and foes. And those Woodhulls are too much. The first generation is a rocky Indiana farmer with a heart-of-gold. Of his two sons, one is a forger, cardsharp and pimp who is murdered by a fellow brothel-keeper and eaten by wild dogs; the other, a Hoosier J. B. whose saintliness is exceeded only by his stupidity. The latter fathers an interesting brood, one of whom is eaten as an infant by a rogue boar lushed up on sour mash. Another, who goes in for the slide trombone and carny chippies, is lynched. Of the daughters, one gets herself into a shotgun wedding with a simpering young scoundrel. Although this unfortunate drowns in a Louisiana *crevasse* at a tender age, the other daughter fares better and becomes a Lesbian dedicated to the WCTU. The family pride and joy (and no wonder, considering the competition) is Chance Woodhull, star of the Harvard crew and big wheel in Porcellian. (Chance later goes in for arson, murder, and the Mafia, but always on the side of the angels.) So goes life in Landmark County, and if you scan the horizon closely, you can just about make out Jerry Wald, winging in from the Coast by DC-8 with a million-dollar gleam in his camera eye. N. E. PARMENTEL JR.

NOW WE ARE ENEMIES, The Story of Bunker Hill, by Thomas J. Fleming (St. Martin's, $5.00). Revolutions are fickle, fragile things. They never work as planned; and the better ones (there are no *good* ones) are scarcely planned at all. The American Revolution had reached the shooting stage (at (Lexington and Concord) while civilized and intelligent men on both sides—and there were many, Englishmen all—were working and hoping for a settlement that would keep the Empire secure, and America a part of it. But Bunker Hill settled the most important question: there would be war, not conciliation. After that pyrrhic British victory, Benjamin Franklin wrote to a London friend: "You and I were long friends. You are now my Enemy and I am yours." Hence the title and thesis of this, Mr. Fleming's first book, which is a whale of a good one. He gives us a well-researched and coherent account of the battle itself, using this dramatic and decisive incident as a vignette to illustrate the background and atmosphere of the Revolution—and he has done it with a minimum of moralizing.

J. P. MCFADDEN

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To the Editor

Religious Unity

In "The Week" [December 17] you state: "It is fitting that the religious leaders, who were among the first to oppose the immorality of Communism, should be among the first to work toward an explicit moral commitment that will crystallize the energies of the West in the hour of judgment."

The religious leaders of the Protestant Church who were the chief exponents of the idea of unifying four of the major Protestant denominations were Dr. Eugene Carson Blake and Bishop James A. Pike. These two gentlemen have long been famous for their left-of-center activities and pronouncements. It was Bishop Pike's assistant in his church who helped to foment the riotous demonstrations against the House Committee on Un-American Activities when that Committee was conducting hearings in California last May 12-14. . . .

Detroit, Mich. DONALD D. VAN MARTER

I am disturbed to find your ready endorsement of the proposed merger of four major Protestant churches in the United States. . . .

The merger you endorse will not necessarily be an instrument for strengthening the spiritual and moral backbone of the United States. Rather, it may well be a tool capable of intensifying the resolve of some church leadership to soften public resistance to Communism and socialism. Amalgamation will make it easier to foist programs on the public in the name of twenty million Americans. We have seen this abuse of membership in the National Council of Churches. It is significant that the man who has made this proposal is a former president of the National Council and now sits as chairman of the central committee of the World Council of Churches. . . .

A spiritual unity among Christians throughout the world is definitely needed if there is to be a united front against Communism. The fact that many men worship in many different churches is no criterion by which to judge their loyalty to their country. A bureaucratic ecclesiastical structure is no insurance against Communist growth. It does not guarantee spiritual resourcefulness. When it is created by men who have displayed visible sympathy for Communism, and endorsed by organizations led by clergy favoring a socialistic society, such merger is to be fought in favor of the traditional diversity of the church in which can still be found unity of spirit and mission.

RONN SPARGUR
Director of Public Relations
International Council of
Christian Churches
Collingswood, N. J.

Goldwater As Candidate

In disagreeing with Frank Meyer's comment: "Nixon won no state that a conservative could not carry," Brent Bozell [December 3] overlooked the pertinent fact that the "infinitely exciting possibilities of Barry Goldwater's salesmanship," as Mr. Bozell himself later phrased it, would have sold Goldwater to the American public during the 1960 campaign.

From the outset Barry Goldwater would have had three distinct advantages over Nixon: 1) he would not be to blame for the Eisenhower Administration's inadequacies or mistakes—indeed none of those inadequacies and mistakes would have existed if Goldwater's advice had been followed throughout his eight years in the Senate; 3) he has his own principled, fully defined platform plus carefully wrought plans for making it practicable; and 3) Goldwater would not have been intimidated either by the opposing Party or the "liberal" element in his own party.

Can't you picture the exciting turn the campaign would have taken after the first TV debate if, instead of Nixon's anemic, half-hearted acquiescing to his opponent, we'd have seen Barry Goldwater come forward —with that subtle blending of self-confidence and humility that comes only with true greatness—and forcefully state the real differences between the two parties, not only in their methods but their *goals*, pointing out that it is the Republicans who are most sincerely concerned for the people, as individuals and as a nation!

Wichita, Kansas JESSIE BRICE

VIEWPOINT

FREE MONEY . . . DANGEROUS DELUSION, DESPERATE DREAM

A statement in the public interest by N. J. Gould, president of Goulds Pumps, Inc., Seneca Falls, New York

Gnawing away at the bones and sinews of our national economy is the highly popular theory that our Federal government should spend more and more—finally making itself responsible for every last road, airport and what-have-you in every community.

What makes this theory so persuasive is the delusion that it's *other* people's money being spent.

The blunt truth is that no community gets free money from Washington. The generous hand distributing its largess into all the nooks and crannies of our nation has a way of closing itself tightly around a fistful of tax money as it draws itself out.

Deficit financing is a grim alternative, certain to start inflation soaring. This hurts us all—the prudent saver with bonds or bank account, the widow living on a fixed income, the wage earner watching every pay increase nullified, the businessman trying to guide his company through a morass of economic uncertainties.

How much better it is for us to remember that the policy of trying to get something for nothing is a game nobody wins—but that sanity in government spending benefits everyone.

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Tony: Loved seeing you at the National Review Forum, but why did you bring Mary Lou? Please come alone in Feb.!

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Fine Distinctions

Bertrand Russell has for some time claimed that there is not more freedom in the West than behind the Iron Curtain. When Sidney Hook took him to task for this in the *New Leader*, Lord Russell responded in terms which make me think he must study Kreuttner's cartoons in order to learn the rhetoric incumbent on him as a Liberal spokesman. Here is Russell speaking purest Kreuttner:

"I hope that Hook will note that I have not said either that the Communists are more trustworthy or have more freedom than the West, or even that they are as trustworthy or have as much freedom as the West. Nor have I said that the West has less freedom than it had. I say only that it has less freedom than it boasts and that it is not as impeccably trustworthy as it sometimes thinks it is. I believe, however, that the Communists have much more freedom than they had. . . ."

All clear?

New Haven, Conn. GILBERT CHADWICK

Catholic Bishops' Statement

Regarding the editorial "Amen," in the issue of December 3, may I first of all state that the Letter of July 12, 1960 to *Semaine Sociale* was not a statement of the Holy Father but rather of Cardinal Tardini, Secretary of State?

Secondly, after giving the wrong author, the editorial then attempts to lead its readers to believe that the Holy Father is in favor of the so-called "Right-to-Work" laws.

May I suggest that readers of NATIONAL REVIEW read the February and March 1959 issues of *Social Order*? By so doing they will find an excellent treatment, by Georges Jarlot, S.J., on the delicate question of the differences between the trade union movement as its exists in Europe as opposed to the United States.

Norwich, N.Y. R. E. MCCARTHY

Cardinal Tardini acted merely as the agent of the Pope, and the letter is officially catalogued as a papal document. —ED.

Will North Africa Go East?

While you bemoan the loss of China together with many in the Committee of One Million, who did nothing to save China before it was too late, NATIONAL REVIEW does nothing, but nothing, to help prevent the Arab

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world from likewise going East by enlightening the American public concerning the issues.

While your eyes, like those of the rest of the American press, are fixed on Cuba and the Congo, Moscow and Peking are busy trying to take over North Africa by helping the Algerian Freedom Fighters while we support France. Can the United States, which *gave* arms to Stalin when we imagined we needed Soviet Russia as an ally against Germany, blame the Algerians if they *receive* arms from the Communists to save themselves from being killed, and denied liberty and self-determination, by the arms we supply to France? Should not NATIONAL REVIEW ask itself why President Bourguiba of Tunisia, the most pro-Western Arab ruler who is himself at odds with Nasser, has begun to despair of the West since de Gaulle refused even to meet his son, who was Ambassador to Paris?

Can conservatism, in the best sense of that much abused word which should mean preservation of the principles and precepts which made America great, free and liberty loving, hope to win if it fails to regard them as universal, and not simply a monopoly of the West applied only in its own interest and denied to others?

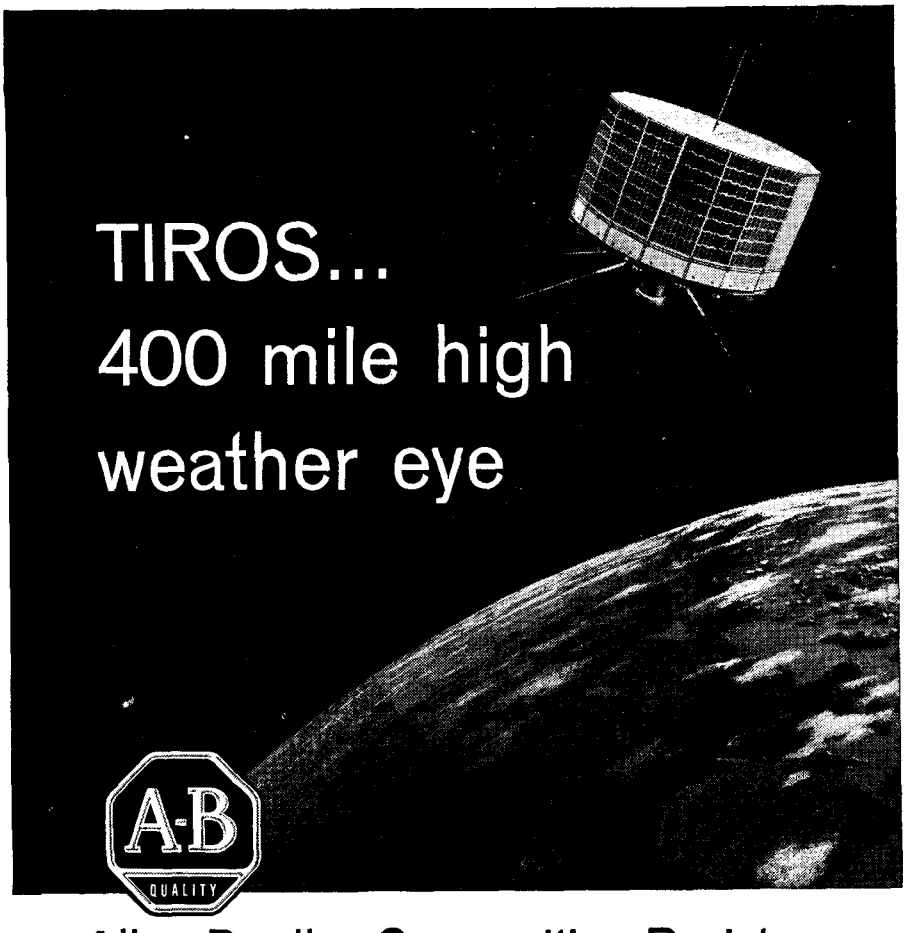
Washington, D. C. FREDA UTLEY

Spartacus

The movie review of *Spartacus* ["Nothing to Lose But the Price of Admission," by Francis Russell, December 17] contains a factual misstatement, justifying your readers in speculating about the degree of care exercised by the reviewer in preparation of his material.

I refer to the quotation, "According to Fast's improved version, Spartacus was taken and crucified with the others, his dying glance falling on the meditative Crassus."

Actually, beginning at page five, the intelligence is communicated that Spartacus was "cut to pieces" in the final battle. This fact is alluded to so frequently in the book that it is difficult to understand how Mr. Russell reached his erroneous conclusion. The person who was crucified in the presence of Crassus was a Jew whose identity was not stressed, but was one of the original band of gladiators involved in the revolt, and whose place on the cross was earned through the process of being the ultimate survivor of the recaptured gladiators, who were



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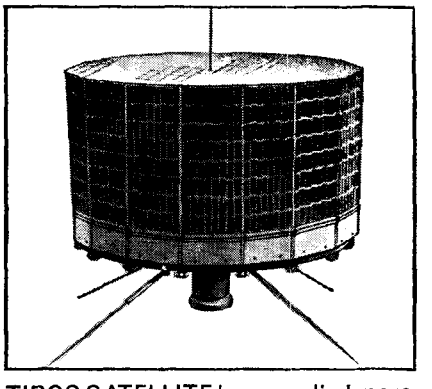

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compelled to fight each other to the death.

Fast thus remained true to Plutarch and at the same time displayed at least some indication that age and experience afford lessons to those willing to learn; *i.e.*, despite tenacious refusal to abandon an equation correlating poverty with virtue and property with decadence, he has abandoned much of the fatuous idealism with which he surrounded *Citizen Tom Paine.*

Despite this aberration, the review is delightful. It will cause me to risk the loss of price of admission, if for no other reason than permitting me to cogitate and expound on the proposition that it has been necessary for the producers to expend $12 million dollars in order to advance the thesis that sterling qualities are found only in those without money.

Little Rock, Ark. GRIFFIN SMITH

NR Pin-Ups

You have asked ["Notes and Asides," December 17] what we, your ever-loving readers, think of "our pictures," the sketches of the staff which adorn almost every article in the issue.

Darlings, you look like *men!* And what, you ask, is so extraordinary about that? Well, my loves, just look at the mass-pictures in the newspapers and magazines these days and you'll understand what I mean. I have just studied a double-page spread in a large glossy magazine, depicting young men and women enjoying some game or other that involves throwing a stupid ball high in the air and catching it in some sort of string-strainer. (The young men and women were watching the idiot-prancing by oversize Martians in shorts and tennis shoes.) I swear, you cannot tell the men from the women in the audience. All of them had cropped hair, long smooth faces split ear-to-ear by the most revolting, empty grins, characterless expressions and shapeless bodies in shirts and pants, and big, lumbering boots. All had hams of hands wildly clapping.

The most minute examination could not distinguish male from female. (Neuters, perhaps?) But your portraits! Ah, it is enough to set a female heart to palpitating. . . .

James Burnham resembles my paternal grandfather who had a disconcerting habit of looking political opponents in the eye and saying, "Damned rot, sir, of course!" (He was a Tory.) Love you all.

Buffalo, N.Y. TAYLOR CALDWELL

Selective Sportsmanship

I've been reading a lot about the sportsmanship of being a good loser, in connection with the loss of the Presidential election by the Republican candidate. I've also been reading a lot about very obvious frauds in returns on the election, particularly here in my home state of Texas and in the Chicago area.

Just how do we reconcile these factors? I thought that being a good sport and losing in a so-called sportsmanlike fashion was related to an honestly waged contest, in which the rules were scrupulously observed. I didn't know I was supposed to be a sportsmanlike loser when the winner's attitude was that winning was all that mattered and it didn't matter how the game was conducted. . . .

Dallas, Tex. CHARLES P. HABER

Objectives of Political Warfare

James Burnham is to be congratulated for his introspective writing on the subject of political warfare, "a form of war, and therefore strategic in nature, with specific power objectives."

That power objective would seem to be twofold: to keep the Soviet Union in an unbalanced defensive state, and to hold the image of Communist brutality, *e.g.*, in Hungary or the Ukraine, before the world—a sign to all who would embrace the big red bear.

Sir Leslie Munro's words in the United Nations concerning Russian colonialism threw the Communist delegates into a fist-thumping uproar. Daily fist-thumping in Moscow should produce a rather unbalanced foreign policy.

Bloomington, Ind. JEREMIAH L. MURPHY

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TRAPP FAMILY XMAS

(Continued from p. 406)

were. "Pam," I whispered into Betsey's ear. "Pam," shrieked Betsey. "Betsey has Pam," everybody told everybody else.

"Tim-Tim, but don't tell," I whispered into Jennifer's ear. She flung her arms around Timothy's head. "Tim-Tim, I *know* sumpeen. I *know* sumpeen, Tim-Tim," she roared. "Jennifer has Timothy," everybody told everybody else. The baby ate her paper again, but it was all right, because I knew whose name she had eaten. I had arranged for us to draw each other, because we're in love.

A few minutes later, they thundered upstairs to homework and/or bed and even before the echoes died I heard the negotiations starting. "Well, then, will you trade Alison for Priscilla and a nickel? A dime? For me not hiding your shell collection? For not hitting you in the stomach as hard as I can?"

The Solution

Actually, it didn't turn out too badly. After a few days of such good turns as reporting that a *Christkindl* hadn't done his arithmetic because he was going to copy Georgie's before school tomorrow—and he just can't *learn* anything that way, *can* he, Mother?; or throwing a *Christkindl's* cherished leather jacket into the washing machine because it was so *absolutely filthy*, he could have got *germs* from it, Mother; or taking the batteries out of a *Christkindl's* flashlight because she reads under the covers after bedtime, and that's why practically *everybody* practically *constantly* goes blind, isn't it, Mother? Everybody was getting pretty tense, not to mention bloody, until one of them—I haven't asked which—found a solution: every Sunday now, they each buy seven penny lollipops, and every night they slip a lollipop under their *Christkindl's* pillow. Well, I *know* that doesn't sound so terribly spiritual, but it's better than what they used to do. What they used to do was steal each other's lollipops.

I wouldn't want anybody to think that the baby and I have sunk to such a mundane relationship, though. We haven't had to change our routine at all. Every morning my *Christkindl* allows me to rock her a little; and every evening I rock my *Christkindl* a little.

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